

Life

Middle Club



HENRY • HUTT



PROPERTY OF
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.

PROPERTY OF
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.

The Stately,
Stylish



Electric
Stanhope



THE picture shows our Model No. 53, Stanhope Special, Price \$2,000, which has many new and distinctive features. To say merely that it is a departure in electric carriages would be to use a hackneyed word not properly descriptive of this vehicle. It is truly a departure in many particulars, and yet none of its features are radical in principle or untried in practice.—The hooded dash; the sliding steering wheel and in connection with it the operation of the electric controller; the use throughout of self-contained bearings and the axle of floating type have all been carefully thought out and will be appreciated at a glance, although it would be difficult to describe them in this limited space. The body itself, the painting, the upholstery and all the appointments of a fine carriage have been studied in detail, and were the name not so often misused, we should be tempted to call it a Model de Luxe.

We make runabouts, surreys, stanhopes, coupes, station, road and delivery wagons. Also electric trucks. Write for catalogue.



Be sure the name "POPE" is on your Automobile.

Pope Motor Car Co.

Desk F Indianapolis, Ind.

Boston, Mass., 221 Columbia Ave.
New York City, 470 Broadway.

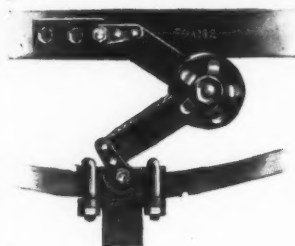
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IMPROVED TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER

TRADE MARK

An Automobile Necessity



Makes your car ride like a rocking-chair.

Increases the speed and prevents lost traction.

Obviates the necessity of slowing down for obstructions.

Absolutely prevents breaking of springs.

New model absolutely self-adjusting. Requires no attention after application.

Adopted by the Pierce Great Arrow, Locomobile, Matheson, Richard-Brasier, Peugeot, Napier, Gobron-Brillié.

Cars under 1500 lbs. \$40 (four suspensions). Cars over 1500 lbs. \$60 (four suspensions).

WARNING

We are the owners of fundamental patents entirely covering every practicable form of frictional retarding devices for vehicle springs and hereby warn the trade from handling any infringing device that may be offered for sale. We also warn the trade against the use of the term "SHOCK ABSORBER" which is our trade mark.

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY,

E. V. Hartford, Pres.

67 Vestry Street, New York.

WE ARE SOLE AMERICAN AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED
GOBRON-BRILLIÉ,

"THE FINEST AUTOMOBILE IN THE WORLD"

Packard



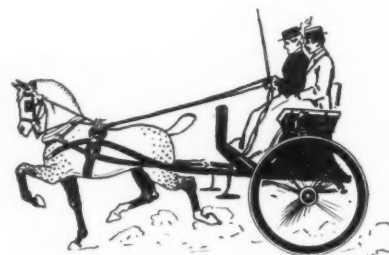
"Ask the man who owns one."

Packard Motor Car Co., Dept. G.

Member Association
Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Detroit, Mich.

New York Branch
1640 Broadway



HORSES ARE ALMOST HUMAN

There's a certain pleasure in riding after a good horse which no machine can give. That pleasure is greatly augmented by the possession of a vehicle built by French.

French carriages are built for style, comfort and durability.

Illustrated booklet on request

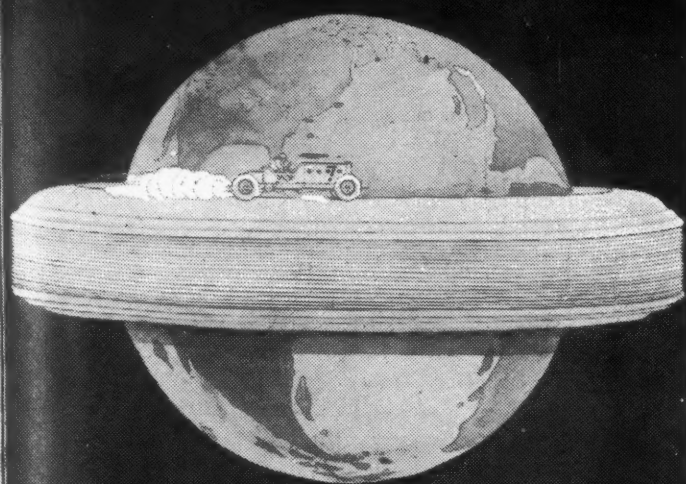
THE FRENCH CARRIAGE CO.

FERDINAND F. FRENCH

Designers, Builders, Distributors Select Carriages

BOSTON, MASS.

THE BEST TIRE THE WORLD AROUND



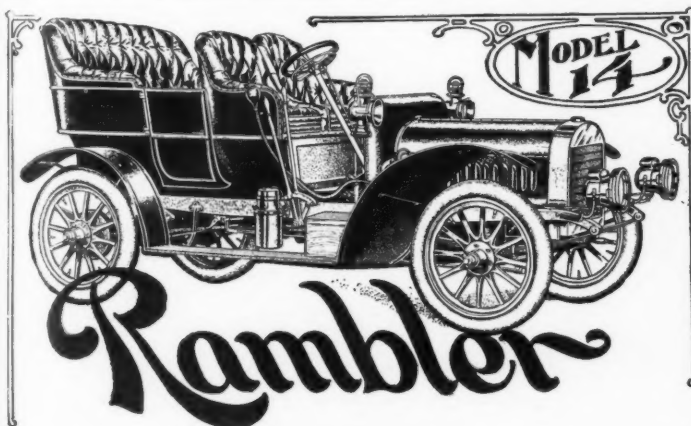
PENNSYLVANIA CLINCHER RACING TYPE

This flat tread tire is built to ensure the terrific friction of racing—the strenuous necessities of touring—and the heaviest brunt of emergency.

Non-Skidding Without Studs

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. JEANNETTE, PA.

NEW YORK, 1665 Broadway; PHILADELPHIA, 615 N. Broad Street; BOSTON, 167 Oliver Street; CHICAGO, 166 Lake Street; LONDON, 4 Snow Hill.



Rambler

Price \$1750

A Car of Utility, Power and Service

The highest possible grade of raw material worked into a modern touring car by the best of workmen after the design of skilled and experienced engineers.

Every component feature, whether of great or little importance, is made of metal especially selected and designed for the purpose.

In design and workmanship but one consideration obtains, THE BEST.

These conditions, backed by the enormous facilities of the greatest automobile factory in the world, result in a car that is RIGHT from its inception to the end and the volume of our output enables us to present to the public

The Right Car at the Right Price

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Branches:

Chicago, Milwaukee Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

New York Agency, 38-40 W. 62nd St.

Representatives in all leading cities.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Smith Premier



Your stenographer may be sure of her notes, but unless she is sure of her typewriter, you cannot be sure of your letters. The

Smith Premier

is always equal to the amount and kind of work demanded of it.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The most delicious drink in the World A Club Cocktail



A scientifically mixed cocktail, aged in wood—that's more delightful and satisfying than any "made by guess-work" cocktail can be. Take a bottle home—and just strain through cracked ice.

There are seven varieties.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprs.

Hartford

New York

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Peerless

It rests with our nearest representative to prove to you why

Peerless Direct Drive
Motor Cars

are the finest product turned out by any automobile maker in America. And the Peerless is the only American car not excelled by the fanciest-priced car from foreign lands.

It rests with you to allow him to prove or disprove it in justice to yourself. All we can tell you on paper can't begin to prove these claims to you the way an actual examination of the Peerless, and comparison with all other cars can do—not so well as the Peerless ride that our nearest agent will take pleasure in giving you.

Our Catalogue Gives a Good Idea

of the unique mechanical features of the Peerless, and we will send it to you on request. Let us also send you a letter of introduction to our nearest representative and you can see for yourself—the Peerless car and the matchless record of Peerless achievements, we are sure will be more than enough to convince you.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
40 Lisbon Street Cleveland, Ohio
Member A.L.A.M.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE
ARE PARTICULAR IN THE CARE
OF THEIR NAILS

CALDER'S
25¢ 25¢

NAIL-POLISH TABLET

GIVES A BRILLIANT, LASTING
POLISH, PLEASING TO THE MOST
FASTIDIOUS.

AT THE SHOPS, A SAMPLE BY
MAIL, 10 CENTS.

PREPARED BY
ALBERT L. CALDER CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
MADE OF CALDER'S DENTINE.

**Do You
Telephone
before making
business calls?**

*It is a recognized
business practice
nowadays.*

NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.,
15 Day Street.

A Sudden Change.

TWO commercial travelers, one from London and one from New York, were discussing the weather in their respective countries.

The Englishman said that English weather had one great fault—its sudden changes.

"A person may take a walk one day," he said, "attired in a light summer suit, and still feel quite warm. Next day he needs an overcoat."

"That's nothing," said the American. "My two friends, Johnson and Jones, were once having an argument. There were eight or nine inches of snow on the ground. The argument got heated, and Johnson picked up a snowball and threw it at Jones from a distance of not more than five yards. During the transit of that snowball, believe me or not, as you like, the weather changed and became hot and summerlike, and Jones, instead of being hit with a snowball, was—er—scalded with hot water!"

—Exchange.

Plea for the Simple Life.

"SPEAKING of the woful waste of money, we wish to interrupt the meeting long enough to give a few figures on an important matter that seems to have been entirely overlooked," says Homer Hoch. "We refer to the four buttons on the sleeves of men's coats. Now, there are probably 600,000 men in Kansas, and they probably have on an average two coats apiece. That makes 1,200,000 coats and 4,800,000, or 400,000 dozen, sleeve buttons. The buttons cost about 20 cents a dozen, and at that rate the men of Kansas alone are carrying around on their coat sleeves in the form of buttons that have no use on earth or in the sky an investment of about \$80,000. And the estimate is most conservative. Fellow countrymen, in the name of economy, and thrift, and philanthropy, and business sense, and all sorts of other things, is there no way to stop this reckless extravagance?"—*Kansas City Journal*.

An Unviolated Rule.

A CERTAIN club, the name of which need not be mentioned, has strict regulations against gambling.

A quartet of club members decided to break the rule by a game of poker for small stakes, so they adjourned to one of the small rooms and told an old servant to bring a pack of cards.

When he brought them one of the members asks: "John, I suppose it would be something utterly new in this club if we were to do such a thing as play for money with these cards?"

The negro scratched his head and deliberated, finally answering: "Boss, I've been wiv dis club a long time, and I've seen many things."

"Yes, but what have you seen?"

"I've seen ebry rule of dis club vi'lated 'ceptin' one."

"What is that one?"

"De rule 'gainst gibbin' tips to de servants."

—*The American Spectator*.

Vocabulary Up-to-date.

Some Leaves for the Dictionary of the Yellow Journalist.

A TOMS—The place to which victims of an explosion are blown.

Banquet Table—Something that groans under a wealth of delicious viands, and from which reasonable delicacies are served.

Bride—An accomplished young woman who enters on the arm of her father, is a vision of loveliness, and receives many costly and useful presents.

Bridegroom—An unimportant person of the male persuasion.

Carnival—A celebration closing in a blaze of glory.

Cold Blood—Something in which murder is committed.

Fire—A process which causes buildings to go up in smoke or to be reduced to ashes, leaving only smouldering ruins.

Fugitive—A person who makes good his escape.

Hero—He who rescues a drowning person just as he is sinking for the third time.

Lie—That which is nailed.

Life—Something that is snuffed out.

Murder—A crime committed in cold blood; a dastardly deed.

Murderer—A human monster; a fiend in human shape; a fiend incarnate.

Only Ornament—The gift of the bridegroom.

Plot—A scheme which is nipped in the bud.

Political Meeting (our side's)—A gathering which packs the hall from pit to dome; an outpouring of the representative citizenship of the community.

Political Meeting (the other fellows')—A gathering composed of only twenty-four persons by actual count, fully one-half of whom attended merely out of curiosity.

Pool of Blood—That in which a murdered person is found lying.

Prisoner—A person taken into custody and lodged in jail.

Society—A portion of the community which frequently is all agog and often in a flutter of excitement.

Street Car—An instrument of torture in which human beings are packed like sardines in a box.

Toastmaster—A man who makes a few well chosen remarks, which often are appropriate to the occasion.

Victims (of a fatal accident)—Persons who are plunged, dashed or hurled into eternity.

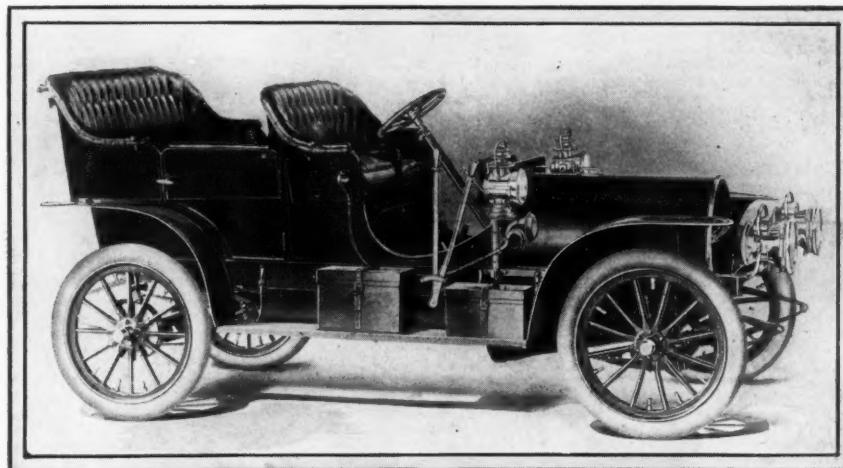
Wreck—A catastrophe in which cars are reduced to junk, smashed into kindling wood, or crushed like eggshells.—*New York Sun.*

A Kick.

THE editor decided to try "fonetic" spelling in his paper and the experiment seemed a success until he got the following:

Dere Sur: I hev tuk yure paper fur leven gres, butt ef yew kant spel eny beter then hev bin doin fer last to munths yew ma jes oppit.—*The American Spectator.*

FRANKLIN



Type D. Four-cylinder Touring-car \$2800

Five passengers. Air-cooled motor. 20 "Franklin horse-power." Three speed sliding gear transmission. Shaft drive. Disc clutch. Force-feed oiler on dash. 100-inch wheel base. 1800 pounds. 45 miles per hour. Full head- and tail-light equipment. \$2800. f. o. b. Syracuse.

Buy with your mind as well as your eyes.

Buy power and capacity, not mere bulk. Buy strength, safety and all-day mileage, not useless weight and extravagant tire-bills.

Buy the genuine luxury of real comfort.

The Franklin is the modern "grey-hound" type of motor-car; impressive, not for eye-filling avoidupois, but the mind-satisfying ability and enjoyability which comes of an extremely efficient motor in a strong roomy flexibly-framed perfectly-suspended light-weight car.

Franklin motors are powerful beyond all others of their size and rating because Franklin air-cooling creates and maintains the most efficient working temperature possible to obtain in a motor-car engine. The Franklin auxiliary exhaust discharges the hot gases left by the explosion without carrying them back through the cylinder as in ordinary engines. There is no flame to burn and pit the main exhaust-valve and cause it to leak power. There is no overheating and no back-pressure to retard the piston on its idle stroke. The combustion chamber is kept so cool that it takes in a much larger fresh charge than is ever admitted by standard cylinders of equal size,

and the unusually full power thus obtained is produced continuously under full load without hindrance, leakage or loss of any kind.

Getting rid of water-cooling apparatus and its heavier supporting frame frees the power from a useless weight, while the four full-elliptic spring and wood sill construction, used in every Franklin car, absorbs road-vibrations, save the power that is jolted out of stiff metal-frame cars, and make speed so safe and comfortable on ordinary rough country roads that the exceptional ability attained is better utilized and more completely available than that of any other car.

The luxurious strength and power of Franklin cars, and their abundant adequacy to all demands become more evident with every mile traveled and every test.

The Franklin Motor Book—handsomest and clearest ever published—shows in full detail the distinctive features which make Franklins what they are. Write for it.

Four-cylinder Runabout \$1400

Four-cylinder Light Touring-car \$1800

Four-cylinder Limousine \$4000

Four-cylinder Touring-car \$2800

Six-cylinder Touring-car \$4000

Prices f. o. b. Syracuse

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y., M. A. L. A. M.

BURPEE'S Farm Annual for 1906

"The Leading American Seed Catalogue."

Mailed FREE to all who want the BEST SEEDS that Grow!

This *Thirtieth Anniversary Edition* is a bright book of 168 pages and tells the plain truth. With Cover and Colored Plates it shows, painted from nature, Seven Superb Specialties in Vegetables of unequal merit and Six Novelties in Flowers, including LUTHER BURBANK'S *New Floral Wonder*. **WRITE TO-DAY!**—the very day you read this advertisement. Mention this paper and address **W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

· LIFE ·

STUDEBAKER

Automobiles for 1906



Model F Touring Car, 28-32 H. P. Price \$3,000

NOW that the great automobile shows of New York and Chicago are at an end, thousands of prospective buyers are debating the salient points of one car as compared with another; doubtless wondering in greatest perplexity why each enthusiastic salesman insists upon the fact that his car is the best.

Permit us to suggest that in regard to extreme accuracy and scientific painstaking in both design and construction there is little or no material difference between the products of several of the more reputable and substantial builders. The buying public has but one great, important consideration to fall back upon—**reputation**. The first and last essential in automobile buying is the **reputation** of the manufacturer back of the machine.

We believe the Studebaker equal to any car offered. We know that its design is up to date and that its construction is thorough. We offer the most liberal guarantee based upon this knowledge.

Catalogue and detailed information direct or through our nearest agency will be furnished with pleasure upon inquiry.

Studebaker Automobile Company

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

BRANCH AGENCIES in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, Dallas, Salt Lake City, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, and many other places.

How He Saw It.

WIFE: This book says that in India it is the custom to bury the living wife with her dead husband. Isn't it terrible?

HUSBAND: Indeed it is! The poor husband—even death brings him no release.—*Translated for Tales from Strekoza.*

LOVE is responsible for two-thirds of the happiness in the world—also for nine-tenths of the misery.—*Chicago Daily News.*

As They Viewed It.

"IT'S a fine day, deacon."
"Yes; but we're all miserable creeturs."

"Well, thank God, we're still a-livin'!"
"Yes," groaned the deacon, "but our time's comin'!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

ACOUNTRY gentleman is an ordinary farmer who has, however, a sufficient income to send his son to a large university.—*Cornell Widow.*

The Human Animal.

IN babyhood his mother called him a kitten. When at college he was commonly called a calf.

After he left college he became among his friends a gay dog.

In business he was referred to as a sly fox.

In Wall street he was a bull.

In his love affairs he was a perfect tiger.

In society he was described as a lion.

(The neighbors called him a little monkey.)

(The girls usually termed him a puppy.)

(But according to his enemies he was a beast.)

(His competitors labeled him a wolf in sheep's clothing.)

(And just as frequently a bear.)

(Some said, however, a perfect donkey.)

(Varied occasionally by "that stupid ass.")

—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

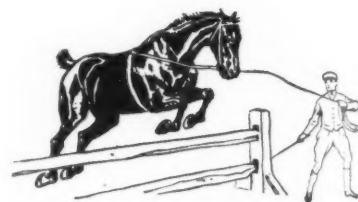
A Distinction or a Difference.

A CONGRESSIONAL committee went to Portland, Ore., to assist in the opening of the Exposition on June first last.

There was a parade in the morning, in which all the visiting statesmen rode in carriages. The local committee brought the carriages around to the Portland Hotel. The scheme was to have two Senators or Representatives and two local men in each carriage.

After the Vice-President and his party had been sent away, a Portland notable, who was acting as a majordomo, came into the lobby of the hotel, where the statesmen were waiting, and bawled:

"Two Congressmen and two gentlemen, please!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*



Getting ready for Spring?

We're ready now with everything any manservant wears; in house, carriage, or motor.

New illustrated livery catalogue on request.

Approved garments for gentlemen's motor use.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.,
258—842—1260 Broadway,
(3 Stores)
NEW YORK,
also,

F. M. ATWOOD,
CHICAGO.

Mike's Rise in the World.

MIKE REDDY was a railroad man at Boise, Idaho, well known and well liked by everybody. One night Mike fell beneath a train and had both legs cut off.

He was taken to the hospital and recovered in the course of time. His accident cost him his savings as well as his legs, and after he got around again his friends subscribed several hundred dollars and sent Mike to Chicago to get two cork substitutes.

He came back in a month or two, walking spryly, but he didn't seem to be the same old Mike. People looked at him as he creaked down the street and wondered. Finally, a committee of his friends asked him about it.

"Mike," they said, "what did they do to you up there in Chicago besides making you a pair of legs?"

"Nothing that I know of," Mike replied.

"Yes, they did. You look different than when you went away. What was it?"

"Oh," said Mike, grinning, "I know what you mean. I was allays a short feller with me own legs, and when the man was making the cork ones I just told him to make them four inches longer than the old ones were, so I could get up in the world a bit."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

MISS BOOTH told a story with which she had nothing to do, having only heard it when it was too late to prevent the tragedy. She said:

"There is nothing accomplished in this world without sacrifice. I need only remind you of Francis of Assisi, Florence Nightingale, and Dr. Livingstone to prove this. But this little fellow, whose name I do not mention because it would make no difference, was greater than them all.

"He was a street arab. He met his pal, Jim, under a street lamp one night.

"'Jim,' he says, pulling a clipping out of his pocket. 'Is this on the bonny fidy? Is it on the bloomin' level, Jim? You read it.'

"Jim read it—a coupon cut from a periodical which said that if any one met death with this coupon in his or her pocket and the name of the deceased's nearest relative written in, \$5,000 would be paid to the person so named.

"Next morning the street arab was found with his head crushed. In his pocket was the coupon with the necessary information filled in like this:

Mrs.
widdow
to Devils ally
the munny to be paid to mrs. wich is
my muhter

"The policeman who found this paper in the boy's pocket cried like a baby and saw to it that the widow mother got what was needed. She was supporting a lot of children on what she made from making matchboxes and sticking on the labels at 4 cents a gross, paste supplied by herself. The boy had been thinking."

—*Literary Digest*.



Wayne

We make a car for every requirement at a price to suit every purchaser.

Simplicity is the key note of Wayne design and in all our cars, the one aim has been to get *all* the engine power to the wheels without waste.

Which of these six models interests you?

Model F.	Seven passenger touring car, 4 cylinder 50 h. p. motor	-	\$3500.00
	(Limousine \$4500.00)		
Model K.	Five passenger touring car, 4 cylinder 35 h. p. motor	-	2500.00
Model B.	Five passenger touring car, 4 cylinder 24-28 h. p. motor	-	2000.00
Model C.	Five passenger family car, 2 cylinder opposed 20 h. p.	-	1250.00
Model G.	Five passenger family car, 2 cylinder opposed 14 h. p. engine under hood	-	1000.00
Model H.	The business man's two passenger runabout. Same engine as Model G.	-	800.00

Let us send you catalog and full particulars about any of these cars.

Wayne Automobile Co.

Dept. E.

Detroit, Michigan

Briarcliff Manor, New York POCANTICO LODGE

Open throughout the Year
Doubled in capacity, generously equipped and conducted, convenient of access, and a center of many open-air attractions. GEORGE W. TUTTLE, Manager.

BRIARCLIFF LODGE

will open June 1 for a six-months' season, ending December 1
D. B. PLUMER, Gen. Mgr. Hotel and Realty Interests

Bookings now making for either tours, at Pocantico Lodge, Briarcliff Home Office, or New York Office, Windsor Arcade, 5th Avenue and 46th St., where E. S. Comstock is in daily attendance from 9.30 to 1.30.

NEW YORK Hippodrome

Managed by THOMPSON & DUNN
BLOCK 6th AVE., 43d TO 44th STS.
A SOCIETY CIRCUS
WITH WONDER SPECTACLE
Court of the Golden Fountains

Including a Circus and Specialists' Tournament, embracing the Triumphs of the World.

MATINEE EVERY DAY AT 2 EVENINGS AT 8



The 1906 "FIAT" is a Marvel of Automobile Construction. It has more perfected features than any other Car, including

Automatic Spark Advancement
One Lever Motor Control
Multiple Disc Clutch

Dependable Mechanical Lubricator
Self Regulating Carbureter
Water Cooled Brakes

Radiator Secure from Shock

The HOL-TAN Co.

Successors to HOLLANDER & TANGEMAN

Broadway and 56th Street

Sole American Agents

Licensed Importers under Selden Patent

AGENCIES: HARRY FOSDICK CO., Boston, Mass.

H. ALLEN DALLEY, Philadelphia, Pa.

ROCHESTER AUTOMOBILE CO., Rochester, New York.

"IF;"

A GUIDE TO BAD MANNERS

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Author of "TOMFOOLERY"

A sarcastico-humorous collection of Mr. Flagg's irresistible verse and drawings bearing on various social problems and perplexities encountered in every-day life.

75 CENTS POSTPAID

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 WEST 31ST STREET, NEW YORK.

YOUNMANS
Silk—Opera—Derby
Soft and Ladie's Hats



Ladies' Department
536 Fifth Avenue
New York

1107 Broadway
158 Broadway
536 Fifth Ave.

In choosing his hat a Gentleman never grudges cost if Quality and Style be assured. Youmans Hats are \$5, and worth it.

Need Not Read It.

SCRIBBLER had come from the office in the evening quite "played out," because of the output of his pen and brain that day. He was lying on the couch in the sitting-room after supper, when Mrs. Scribbler, who had been reading a magazine said:

"See here, George Scribbler, here is something that fits you to a T, and I want you to read it."

"What's it about?"

"It's about that funny kind of men who must have everything just so in their homes, no matter how hard it makes it for others. You know that you are one of the funniest men alive. Every rug and chair and book must be exactly in its place, and a little dust sets you to scolding. You must have a clean napkin every meal, and you cannot eat if there is a tiny spot on the tablecloth, and everything must be served just exactly so, or you get grumpy. Now, is not that true?"

"A man likes to see things in order in his own house," said Scribbler.

"Of course he does, and I try to keep things in order, but I defy any woman to maintain the degree of order you expect with four or five children in the house. Now, this article refers to just such unreasonable, fussy men as you are, and it is not one bit too severe even when it says that they are small-spirited and lacking in true manliness. I do wish that you would read the article."

"I don't need to," replied Scribbler, sitting up to stretch and groan.

"I'd like to know why you do not need to read it, George Scribbler?"

"Because—well, the fact is, my dear, I wrote that article myself."—*Exchange.*

Exclusive News of Bill Funk.

BILL FUNK, who caught cold last Tuesday, as announced exclusively in this paper, is no better.—*Concordia Kansan.*

A Breakfast Dialogue.

MRS. TALKWORDS: Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night.

HENRY: Pardon me for interrupting you.—*Smart Set.*



"WHEN MOSES ESCAPED FROM THE BULL-RUSHES."



Avoid a Trip to the Police Court

The fine amounts to little—it's the hours of delay, the inconvenience and possible humiliation for you and for those in your company that try the patience and spoil the pleasure of the whole trip.

All this can positively be avoided by equipping your car with

The Warner Auto-Meter

(Registers Speed and Distance)

This little instrument always tells the truth. It registers with ABSOLUTE ACCURACY from 1/4 mile to 60 miles per hour. It attaches to any Automobile made.

Without it you never know your exact speed—and the temptation to go a little faster and a little faster is almost irresistible—you know how it is. And you know, too, what happens to you and your party when you think you are going 8 miles an hour and the Policeman's stop watch says 15.

Don't guess yourself into trouble—KNOW and keep out of it. The Warner Auto-Meter is your salvation.

And it's your ONLY salvation. Because the Warner Auto-Meter is the only speed indicator which is sensitive enough to be absolutely and unerringly accurate at speeds under 10 miles an hour.

Because it's the only one which works perfectly in all positions and at all angles, on rough roads or smooth, up hill or down.

Because it's the only one which changes with the speed alone and in which the indicator does not dance back and forth from the jar of the car.

The Warner Auto-Meter is the only speed indicator which is actuated by the same fixed, unchangeable Magnetism which makes the Mariner's Compass reliable FOREVER under all conditions.

No one else can use Magnetism to determine the speed of an Automobile, though it's the only positive and sure way. Because there is just one way in which Magnetism can successfully be used for this purpose and we have Patented that way.

There is nothing about the Warner Auto-Meter which can give out, or wear out, or get out of adjustment. It is the only speed-indicator made without cams, plates or levers, and in which there is no friction. Friction wears away the cams and levers in other speed indicators, which are necessarily so small that 1-1000 of an inch wear will throw out the reading from one to five miles per hour.

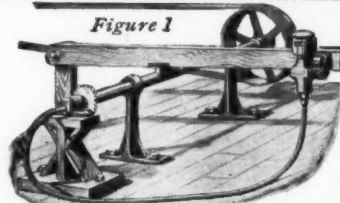
The Warner Instrument Co., 132 Roosevelt St., Beloit, Wis.

(The Auto-Meter is on sale by all first-class dealers and at most Garages.)

One Warner Auto-Meter will last a lifetime. It is as sensitive as a Compass and as Solid as a Rock. Otherwise it couldn't stand our severe service-test, which is equivalent to a trip of

160,000 Miles at 50 Miles per Hour on Granite Pavements Riding Solid Tires.

The practical Warner Testing Machine is shown in Fig. 1. The wheel connection of the Auto-Meter is attached to a shaft running



200 revolutions per minute. Across this shaft lies a plank which is hinged at one end and has the Auto-Meter attached to the other. Braided to the shaft is a knob of steel, which at every revolution "bumps" the plank, giving to the Auto-Meter 200 shocks per minute while it is showing a speed of 50 miles per hour.

Each one of these shocks is more severe than would be suffered in an entire season's riding. After running 10 hours a day for THREE MONTHS, actual tests show the Auto-Meter to be recording the speed with the same accuracy as at first within 1-1000 of 1%, or less than 6 inches per mile.

No other Speed Indicator on Earth could Stand this Test.

This is why we sell each Auto-Meter on a 10 YEARS GUARANTEE

and why we gladly renew any Auto-Meter (which has not been injured by accident) if the Magnet (the HEART of the instrument) is less accurate than 1-10 of 1% after 10 years use.

We will gladly tell you more about this wonderful instrument if you will write us. If you write TODAY we will send you something every motorist will prize—our

Free Book—"Auto Pointers."

The first derby made in America was a

C & K

Easter Hats for Men



THE DE LUXE

A NEW hat of noticeably elegant style and superb quality is the most important item of a well-dressed man's Easter outfit.

If, as Sir Walter Scott says, "a regard for personal appearance is a species of self-love from which the wisest are not exempt," the wise man will select a Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hat in a properly becoming shape. It is the best hat that can be made; therefore it best satisfies the desire which every man feels to appear at his best. The wisdom of the selection is justified by the fact that the superiority of Knapp-Felt is evident to the least experienced eye, not only when it is new but during all the stages of wear. It is less affected by constant usage than any other hat-fabric, owing to its closer and firmer texture. The exquisite Vellum Finish of the DeLuxe quality marks the highest attainment of the fifty years' experience in making fine hats in the C & K shop.



Knapp-Felt



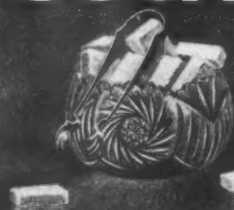
hats are made in a variety of smart shapes. The best hatters sell them. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe \$6 hats are the best. The next best are Knapp-Felt \$4.

Write for The Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.

Broadway, at 13th St., New York.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



A
Triumph
in
Sugar
Making!

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

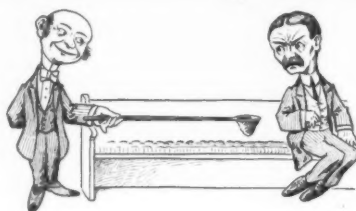
IMAGINATION COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF A HANDIER AND PRETTIER FORM THAN IS PRESENTED IN "CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR." NEITHER COULD THE MOST PARTICULAR PEOPLE ASK FOR MORE PERFECT PURITY OR ECONOMICAL PEOPLE FOR LESS WASTE.

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD.

BEST SUGAR FOR TEA AND COFFEE.

By grocers everywhere.

THE old Emperor Ferdinand of Austria was constantly making remarks which led some people to think him weak-minded. One time, after listening to an artist who performed wonderful feats on the piano, he said: "I have heard Liszt and also Thalberg, but in all my life I never encountered an artist who—" here he paused. The pianist blushed and bowed. "I never saw one," resumed the emperor, "who perspired so much as you."—*The Argonaut*.



THE LORD LOVETII A CHEERFUL LOSER.

AMONG the distinctive things of Egypt are the costumes and cigarettes. We might particularize further and say the women's costumes and

Melachrino Egyptian Cigarettes

In addition to the Khedivial Family and the Khedivial Club, the following are supplied with these cigarettes by appointment:

- H. R. H. The Duke of Connaught
- H. R. H. Prince Henry of Prussia
- The Italian Government
- The R. H. Lord Kitchener
- H. E. The Governor of Bombay
- The Austrian Government
- The Hungarian Government

It is the cigarette of the officers of the British Service and furnished to 360 regimental messes stationed in all quarters of the globe, as it is of most town or country clubs in Europe and the Orient.

The introduction of this cigarette into America will be welcomed by those who have enjoyed its surpassing qualities abroad and by our American judges of tobacco quality.

M. MELACHRINO & CO., 8 W. 29th St., New York.



An Expensive Dog.

A DOCTOR living in Washington, District of Columbia, says a writer in the *Post* of that city, recently lost a full-blooded Airedale terrier, and the question of the compensation to be given to the finder, if the dog was returned, was under discussion between the doctor and a friend.

"It will be a heavy reward to pay," said the doctor.

"Guess it will," said the friend.

"About fifty dollars," sorrowfully murmured the doctor.

"More likely sixty," said the friend, briskly.

"I wish the dog had stayed at home," said the doctor.

"It would have been less expensive," declared the friend.

"He was a rare and handsome animal!" proudly exclaimed the doctor.

"Nothing like him in the District," agreed the friend.

"Pedigree and style considered, worth fully two hundred dollars," declared the doctor.

"And the finder will know it, too!" cried the friend.

"Afraid so," huskily whispered the doctor.

"Expensive dogs are expensive," philosophized the friend. "Better have your check ready for sixty dollars. The dog is sure to be returned."

"Hate to have to do it," said the doctor, "but a two-hundred-dollar dog is worth it, I suppose."

Here the butler appeared with a note for the doctor. This is how it read:

"Will doc please give me 20 cents for Returning his Yeller dorg. i hate ter ask so much, but i had ter feed it for too Days."—*Youth's Companion*.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ELLINGER, the noted oyster grower of Chesapeake Bay, said recently:

"The oyster business is in a bad way. Oysters are getting scarce. They are not planted in the right manner, and they are not gathered in the right manner. The government must soon step in and give us a change or eventually there will be no oysters left. Things are all wrong as they are—as wrong as the English with the letter 'h.'"

"Once, in Banbury, I dined with an English farmer. We had ham for dinner, a very delicious ham, baked. The farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again.

"More 'am, father," he said.

"The farmer frowned.

"Don't say 'am, son,' he said, 'say 'am.'

"I did say 'am,' the lad protested, in an injured tone.

"You said 'am,' cried the father fiercely. 'Am's what it should be. 'Am, not 'am.'

In the midst of the squabble the farmer's wife turned to me with a little deprecatory laugh and said:

"They both think they're saying 'am.'"—*Boston Post*.

Dense Tough Rubber **Soft Springy Rubber**

The Goodyear Detachable AUTO TIRE

is both **Durable and Lively**

It is actually the most durable and also the most lively tire on the market. Look at the section of the wearing surface above, and see why—dense, tough rubber on the outside, joined inseparably to the soft, resilient, springy rubber which forms the inner wall of the casing.

This, however, is only one of its good points. These good points taken together do away with 90% of all Tire Troubles.

This Tire won't Creep—though not mechanically attached to the Rim. It won't Rim Cut or come off the Rim though ridden deflated for miles. You can take it off or put it back in 30 seconds with no tools but the fingers.

All general statements, you say, without proof. True. But we CAN prove them and WILL prove them, if you'll drop into one of our branch stores or come to the factory. If you can't do either, write us, and we'll send you a book that will show you the why and wherefore and convince you that every statement made is GOSPEL TRUTH.

If you're weary of Tire Troubles, give us a chance to convince you that this tire will wipe them out. WE CAN DO IT.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Wayne St., Akron, O.

Branches in the following cities: Boston, 6 Merrimac St.; New York, 414 St. and Broadway; Chicago, 110 Lake St.; Cincinnati, 242 E. Fifth St.; St. Louis, 712-714 Morgan St.; San Francisco, Geo. F. Moore & Co., 595 Golden Gate Ave.; Buffalo, 719 Main St.; Denver, 220 19th St.; Detroit, 242 Jefferson Ave.; Los Angeles, Calif., W. D. Newer, 932 So. Main St.

Bailey "Won't Slip" Tread furnished on Goodyear Tires (all sizes) when ordered.

SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS

The Man with the Percussion Lock

considered his weapon the ideal small arm, although it was practically but a small muzzle loading gun.

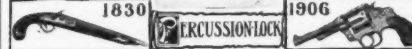
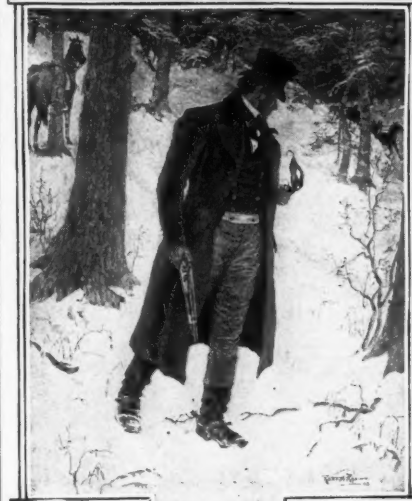
The Man with a SMITH & WESSON

has the advantage over holders of other makes, both in power of projection and in an accuracy that wear doesn't impair. Rigid inspection by the makers is a guarantee of the user's safety.

The New Model .38 (Military), .32 and .22 SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are fitted with the hand ejector, which permits quick ejection of empty shells and reloading, and makes accidental ejection of the load impossible. The new stock inspires the hand with a feeling of confidence. The front cylinder lock in connection with the regular locking pin gives great strength and assures that absolutely perfect alignment of cylinder and barrel which compels all accuracy not approached by any other revolver.



ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine. Our new booklet "The Revolver" illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives instructions for Target Shooting by an expert. The most interesting revolver catalogue published. Free on request.



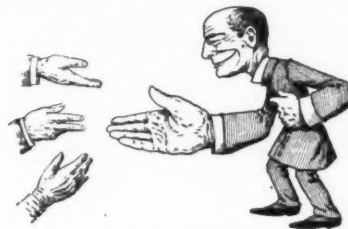
The Development of the SMITH & WESSON Revolver. Watch for next month's picture "The Man with 'Cap and Ball'."

SMITH & WESSON

42 Stockbridge Street, - Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch, 114 Second St., San Francisco.

Merely a Suggestion.

WHY not assemble all the euthanasia cranks who wish to kill off the old and "incurable" people in one inclosure and all the cranks who are producing schemes for the abolition of death in another inclosure, organize them into football teams and then turn them loose and let them proceed to exterminate one another in true football style?—*Chicago Chronicle*.



OUR NEW PASTOR.

REDD: I see Hevimann has been out horseback riding for four hours. Pretty hard on that horse?

GREENE: Oh, well, he was only on the horse about half of the time.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"DON'T you think Brown is inclined to dally with the truth?"

"I don't think he ever touches it."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

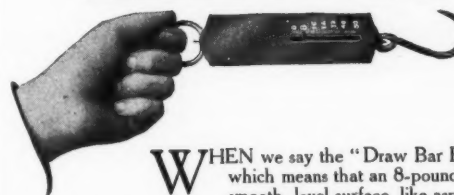
JOHN JAMESON
THREE STAR
WHISKEY



Protected by this label

Neither blended nor compounded. Just absolutely pure

THE DRAW-BAR PULL OF BAKER ELECTRICS



WHEN we say the "Draw Bar Pull" of a Baker Stanhope is 8 pounds, we use a mechanical term which means that an 8-pound pull on the vehicle affords sufficient energy to keep it moving on a smooth, level surface, like asphalt.

It is the test that accurately indicates its efficiency and easy running quality.

The Draw Bar Pull of BAKER ELECTRICS is about half that shown by any other automobile.

This means that BAKERS are built so perfectly as to require the minimum of energy to operate. That every working part and every bearing works smoothly and with the least possible friction.

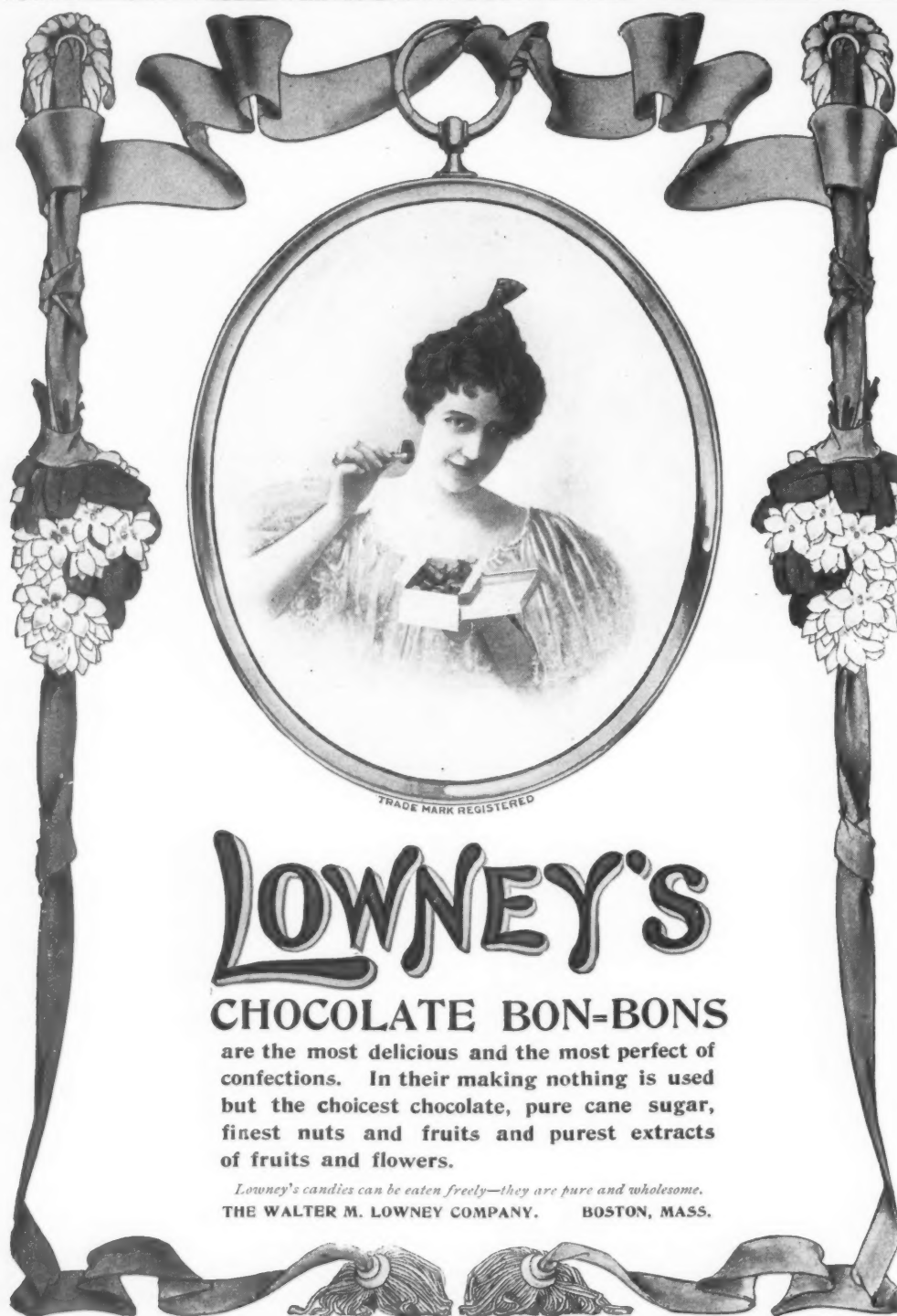
That is why BAKER ELECTRICS give better results with 12 cells of battery than others with 24 or more cells. It also explains why their maintenance cost is so extremely small and why they last so long and suffer so little breakage.

Every bit of material used in BAKER VEHICLES is the best that money can buy. Every revolving part works on ball bearings. The upholstery, the finish, everything is the choicest. That is why people call them "THE ARISTOCRATS OF MOTORDOM."

Represented in leading cities.

Write for Catalog.

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE CO., 10 Jessie Street, CLEVELAND, O.



For the Sick Room.
For the Nursery.
For the Library Table.
For a Professional Man's
Waiting Room.
For Any Body, Any Place,
Any Time.

WHAT can be better than a bound volume of LIFE,
with its miscellany of high class, artistic and satir-
ical pictures and text?

WE can supply any of the more recent volumes of LIFE
durably bound in cloth at \$4.00 per volume, postpaid.

AN allowance of \$2.00 is made if the loose copies are
returned.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

Scant Doings at a Winter Resort.

THERE'S almost nothing going on
Down here where balmy breezes blow,
With all their ultra-swellish hops
And a rather daring burlesque show.
My lady dresses for the ball;
The burlesque girls their costumes don;
Oh, it's no exaggeration when I say
There's almost nothing going on!

ED. MOTT in *New York Sun*.

Wanted Further Orders.

SENATOR TILLMAN was accusing a po-
litical leader of overbearing, arbitrary
methods.

"He goes too far," said the Senator. "He
is like the militia captain they used to have in
Concord.

"This man came to Concord with a war
record, and got a captain's appointment in the
militia.

"He was a martinet. The first day he re-
viewed his company he examined every hair
on their heads, every button on their coats. It
was an ordeal for them.

"On the whole the captain was pleased with
his inspection. One thing dissatisfied him,
though. His men all had clean shaven upper
lips. Some had side whiskers, some had mut-
ton chops, some had goatees, some had patri-
otic chin beards. There was not one who had
a mustache.

"The captain complimented his company in
a short speech, and concluded by saying:

"Only one thing is lacking to make a crack,
martial looking company of you—mustaches.
I want every man Jack of you to raise a mus-
tache."

"At this order the men looked at one an-
other, and a young farmer, stepping out from
the ranks, saluted and said:

"What color will you have them, sir?"—
Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Quicker Way.

A. J. CASSATT, the president of the Penn-
sylvania Railroad, said at his New
Year's reception, anent an inexperienced work-
man:

"That reminds me of a Western lad. He got
a place on a railroad, became a brakeman, then
a fireman, and one day, in an emergency, he
undertook to run a locomotive.

"He ran the locomotive well enough, but he
could not stop with the necessary precision, for
this needs practice.

"With one station in particular he had trou-
ble. He ran some thirty yards beyond this
station, and then, putting back, he ran as far
the other way. He was preparing for a third
attempt, when the station agent put his head
out of the window and shouted:

"Stay where you are, Jim. We'll shift the
station for you."—*New York Tribune*.

YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE is a wholesome, nourish-
ing beverage. Best for building up.—*Adv.*

BISHOP'S



California Preserves

THE ONLY FRUITS IN THE WORLD WITH \$1,000
PURITY GUARANTEE ON EVERY JAR

BISHOP & COMPANY, LOS ANGELES
15 JAY STREET, NEW YORK

Cailler's

GENUINE
SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE

We want you to know
Cailler's—the most de-
licious and nourishing
confection made.

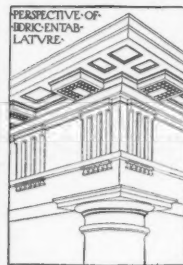
Thousands know it
now. If you don't—
write for a free sample.

FREE—Half-pound cake post-
paid for 100 tissue wrappers from
Cailler's.

J. H. FREYMAN

General Agent for U. S. A.
861 Broadway, New York

The FIVE ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE



The newest and most
comprehensive treat-
ise on the Greek and
Roman orders pub-
lished.

Invaluable to archi-
tects, draftsmen, art
students and every
lover of art. 400
pages of text, bound
in half morocco, and a

PORTFOLIO OF 58 PLATES

11 x 15 inches in size, printed on heavy plate paper,
in a handsome portfolio.

INSPECTION PRIVILEGE

The books will be sent by prepaid express
on five days' approval. If satisfactory,
remit \$10;—otherwise return the books
at our expense.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Pure Mathematics.

CLERK (to wine merchant): How shall I
label that cask in which you mixed five-
year-old and ten-year-old Moselle?

MERCHANT: Mark it "Extra fine fifteen-
year-old Moselle."—Translated for *Tales* from
"Familie-Journal."

"DID that clairvoyant tell you anything
true about yourself?"

"She certainly did. Before I'd been there
ten minutes she told me somebody was try-
ing to get my money."

"Was there?"

"Yes. She was."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.



"I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE HAD AN ADDITION TO
YOUR FAMILY."

"THAT'S RIGHT! I'M ANOTHER CAT'S-PAW!"

Businesslike.

A LARGE manufacturing concern in the
East recently received the following
postal, sent from a little country town in the
South:

"DEAR SIR,—Plees sen me yore caterlog of
eclctrical batteys.

Yores truely,

"P. S.—You need not sen it. I have change
my mind."—*Harper's Magazine*.

"MAY I read you my last poem?"

"You may, if it really is."—*Cleveland
Leader*.

It is 57 years young;
up to 20th century
methods throughout.
Get particulars free. No
importunity.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE
Philad'a

Redmond & Co.

Transact a general foreign and domestic
banking business and allow interest on
deposits subject to cheque. Dividends
and interest collected and remitted.

HIGH GRADE INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Conservative investments will, upon
request, be suggested for any purpose or
amount, netting from 3½% to above 5%.

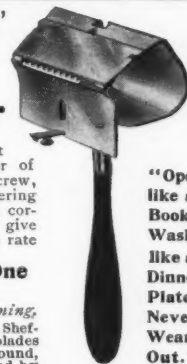
Members of the New York Stock Ex-
change and execute orders on commission

LETTERS OF CREDIT

for travelers issued, and bills of ex-
change drawn on all parts of the world.

507 Chestnut St. Philadelphia 41 Wall St., New York

"Two Minute" Safety Razor



"Opens
like a
Book.
Washes
like a
Dinner
Plate.
Never
Wears
Out."

The cleanest, the cleverest
and the smoothest shaver of
them all. Nothing to unscrew,
nor take apart, no dirt-gathering
corners, no hidden blade cor-
ners to cut you. Will give
smooth, clean shave at the rate
of

Four Shaves for One
Cent.

No Stropping. No Honing.
Razor in leather box with 24 Shef-
field special tempered steel blades
—price \$5.00. All blades ground,
tempered and finished by hand by
expert workmen.

30 Days Approval Trial.

No pay unless you get better shaving comfort than you
ever had before.
No matter what luck you have had with any kind of razor,
try this one. You need not keep it unless it shaves you per-
fectly. Write for free booklet.

UNITED STATES SAFETY RAZOR CO.,
Department 26, Adrian, Michigan, U. S. A.



To Men Who Are Accus- tomed to Cutting Coupons CUT THE ONE BELOW

You never have cut one that gave you more satisfaction than this one will.

Americans are rapidly finding out what Europeans have known for a long time—that a Russian Cigarette of high quality is the only one in the world worth the attention of a connoisseur.

You can smoke MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS from morning until night without a trace of that "dopey" or nervous feeling induced by other cigarettes. They will leave in your office or apartments no trace of the odor usually associated with cigarettes.

They are made of real tobacco, pure, clean and sweet, and nothing else. They are mild and smooth, but rich in natural flavor, and as full of "body" as the most critical connoisseur could wish.

They are made with a mouthpiece an inch and a quarter long, which takes up nearly all of the nicotine, as you can prove for yourself.

The tobacco never comes in contact with the mouth, to become wet and bitter, spoil the flavor, stain the fingers and to poison your system by direct absorption of the nicotine which concentrates in the end of the ordinary cigarette.

They are rolled by hand, and encased in the thinnest paper in the world. No paste is used.

You can afford to go into this matter thoroughly. You cannot afford not to, if you want to enjoy cigarettes at their best, without injury of your health or offense to your own sense of refinement or that of your friends.

We sell direct to consumers and first-class clubs, at wholesale prices. Your favorite club has them or will get them for you, if you prefer to buy that way. We will gladly send you full information about these cigarettes, but the final and only test, if you are in earnest, is a trial of the goods. We take all the risk of this trial, so there is no reason why you should delay it.

A New Kind of Offer

Send us your order for a trial hundred of the size and quality you prefer. Try the cigarettes thoroughly, smoke the full hundred if you like. Then, if you do not like them, tell us and we will return your money. We do not ask the return of the cigarettes. We prefer to take our chances of your giving them to some one who will like them and who will order more. Send an order now and get acquainted with real cigarette luxury.

Clip
the Coupon
or write a letter
enclosing remittance, to
Kompanija Makaroff
95 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts

LA CZARINA SIZE, 100's, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per 100
In Four Grades at
CZAREVITCH SIZE, 100's, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00 per 100
In Four Grades at
Quantity.....
Size.....
for which please
send me, prepaid,
MAKAROFF CIGARETS
on above terms.

Name.....

Address.....

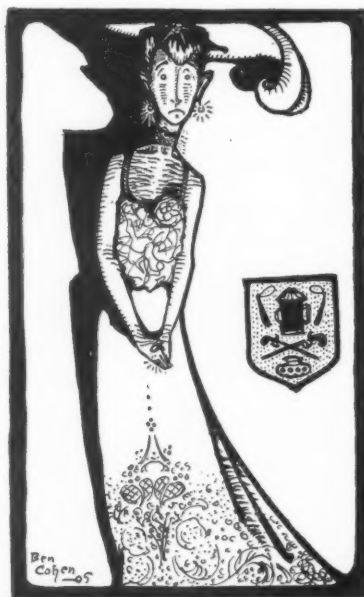
THE late Daniel Lamont was celebrated for his tact. As private secretary to President Cleveland and as Secretary of War he was able to refuse more people their dearest desires with less resulting rancor than any man in the administration.

"I learned the lesson early in life," explained Mr. Lamont. "There was a very poor young man in our town who fell head over heels in love with a farmer's daughter. He was deadly serious about it, and as poor as poor could be. The girl knew something of toil and was weary of it, but she was fond of the man; her moods left him alternately elated and depressed.

"I am afraid there is no chance for me," he confided to a friend one day. "In a delicate way she has been discouraging my attentions to her."

"How is she doing it?"

"Oh, very delicately. She told me yesterday that she was a twin, her mother was a twin, and her grandmother was a twin."—*Everybody's Magazine*.



THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM DELLE
WHO WAS QUITE A SOCIETY BELLE.
SHE MARRIED A DUKE
WHO TURNED OUT A CRUKE
AND NOW HER LIFE IS A HELLE.

"IS your daughter progressing nicely with her music?" inquired the visitor of Mrs. Goldrox.

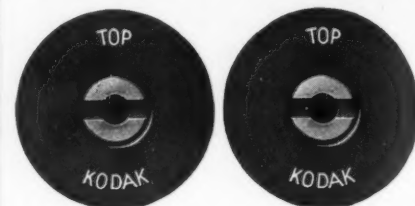
"I should say she was," said Mrs. Goldrox, with enthusiasm. "She's got so she kin play the 'Carnival of Venice' with variations, besides doing all them little physical exercises with her hands crossed."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

She Was Qualified.

MISTRESS: Above all, I want a servant who has some refinement.

APPLICANT: Well, madame, I've been operated on for appendicitis and had ptomaine poisoning twice.—*Translated for Tales from Meggendorfer Blätter*.

LOOK FOR KODAK ON THE SPOOL END.



The picture depends on the film, far more than on lens or on camera.

"KODAK" FILM

has 20 years of experience behind it—it is *not* in the experimental stage.

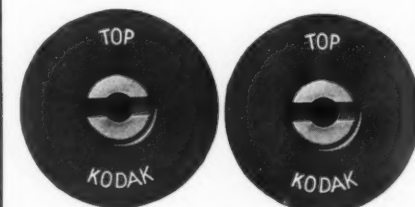
Make sure that you get the genuine Kodak Film by examining the spool end.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Ask your dealer or us to put your name on list for spring catalogue of Kodaks and Brownies.

Rochester, N. Y.

The Kodak City.



LOOK FOR KODAK ON THE SPOOL END.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER



positively beneficial, deliciously fragrant, gives perfect satisfaction. Ask your dentist.

NORTHERN

Silent and Dustless.

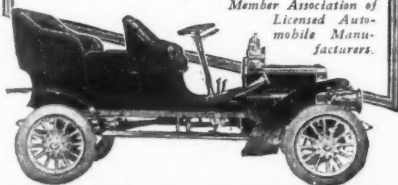
You must buy the *Silent Northern* if you want to get the highest value out of your automobile money. Here is a car whose construction is a guarantee of low cost of maintenance—a car whose simplicity and silent operation is unequaled by any car at any price in the world. All the efficiency, all the luxury that can be produced; graceful body design, smoothly operating motor, minimum vibration—the *only* car which is *dustless* on the road. Our catalogue gives full information and illustrates seven distinct models. We want you to have it. Send today.

1906 MODELS:

Sturdy Northern Runabout, 7 H. P., with oil lamp equipment.....	\$650
Silent Northern Touring Car, 20 H. P., double opposed motor, with gas and oil lamp equipment.....	\$1,800
Silent Northern Limousine 20 H. P., with gas and oil lamp equipment.....	\$2,800
Model "K," 30 H. P. Four-Cylinder Car, air controlled and air brakes, with gas and oil lamp equipment.....	\$3,000

NORTHERN MANUFACTURING CO.,
Detroit, U. S. A.

Member Association of
Licensed Auto-
mobile Manu-
facturers.



Gillette

Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

"The Gillette" fulfils every claim



TRY
IT

Triple silver-plated set with 12 blades \$5.00.

Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades \$10.00.

Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades and monogram \$12.00.

Standard combination set with shaving brush and soap in triple silver-plated holders \$7.50.

Other combination sets in silver and gold, up to \$50.00.

Standard packages of 10 blades with 20 sharp edges, for sale, by all dealers, at the uniform price of 50 cents.

No blades exchanged or resharpened.

Sold by leading drug, cutlery and hardware dealers.

Ask to see them, and for our booklet.

Write for our special trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
Times Building New York City

Astonished.

A CHICAGO business man who last year made a trip to the Philippines brought back with him a Filipino youth, whose mental alertness had made quite an impression upon him. The Oriental was installed in the Chicago man's office as a clerk, and he did very well, notwithstanding the fact that he was a trifle shaky as to his English.

One day the Chicagoan handed the Filipino a bill for some goods purchased by a customer a long time previously. "As this gentleman seems to have no intention of settling this account," said the business man, "I want you to typewrite a letter to him, stating that an immediate adjustment of the indebtedness will soon be expected."

In a few moments the Filipino laid before his employer the following effort:

"MY DEAR SIR,—This is to advise you that if you do not instantler send us the money you owe us, we shall be compelled to take measures that will cause you the utmost astonishment."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"I DO not like to appear pessimistic," said an old lady who had seen several generations of young people go pleasuring, "but it seems to me that the young people of Philadelphia are losing the simplicity in their entertainments which once distinguished them from the people of other cities. The modern Philadelphia debutante, as did her grandmother when she was in that delightful period of her existence, ought to take pride in the fact that she can find pleasure in less ostentatious entertainments than her sisters of New York or Chicago. In the first place, your entertainments begin too late. You start in to enjoy yourselves just as we begin to think about leaving. Eight o'clock used to be the fashionable hour; then it became 8.30; then it went to 9 o'clock; then half-past, and now the regulation hour to go to a dance is often 10, while the other evening imagine my horror when a young gentleman called for my granddaughter at 10.30. The child ought to have been taking leave of her hostess at that time. Your up-to-date refreshments are too elaborate. Why should young people stuff themselves with heavy salads and rich croquettes and wines and punches instead of enjoying a simple ice or a cup of chocolate? I am not making any sweeping assertions about the degradations of modern society, but these children are the offspring of the 'girls' I used to know, who were greater belles than most moderns can hope to be. I suppose I will be called a very grouchy old lady for my criticism."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"GLADLY would I die for you."

Her look of hauteur was maintained despite this plea.

"You are in error," she replied, coldly, "if you think the color of your hair constitutes my chief objection to you."

The good night was brief and soon.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



"AN EASTER OFFERING"

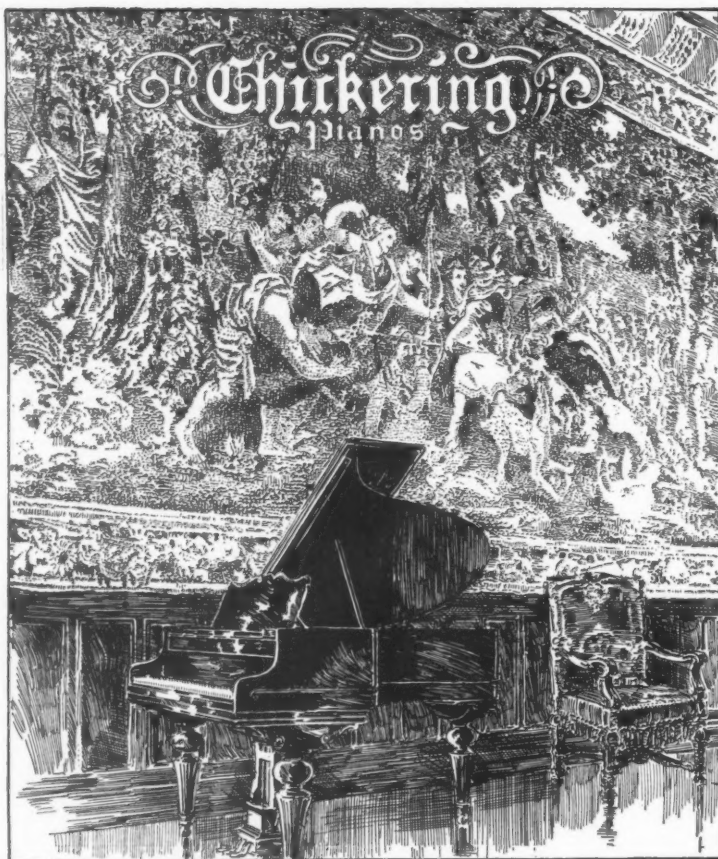
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THE genuine Copley Prints make admirable Easter gifts. The one shown above is especially appropriate. We would like to send it to you on approval. It comes in four sizes; 2 x 5 inches, 50 cents; 4 x 10, \$1.25; 6 x 13, \$2.50; 8 x 21, \$5.00. If this particular picture does not appeal to you, there are hundreds of others in our collection. Our profusely illustrated catalogue is sent on receipt of 25c (stamps if you like) which sum may be deducted from the amount of your first order.

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THE makers of these instruments have shown that genius for pianoforte making that has been defined as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." The result of over eighty-two years of application of this genius to the production of musical tone is shown in the Chickering of to-day.

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Same Old Town.

A TRAVELING salesman whose "territory" lies in the Southwest was one afternoon in the depot awaiting an East-bound train, when a flashily dressed person covered with cheap jewelry came into the waiting-room from the platform, where he had been standing since the coming of the last train.

"Well, this old town hasn't changed a bit since I lived here," said he, by way of general observation to the drummer and two or three natives of the place. "Everything just the same as it was fifteen years ago. Not a particle of change!"

"I reckon that's about it, mister," replied an old fellow who was embracing a stove in the corner. "Your leavin' it don't 'pear to have made much difference in the durned old town."—*Harper's Weekly*.

FROM an esteemed and respectable contemporary in the city of Elizabeth we derive the subjoined news of more than local interest:

"The men's meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association will have two speakers to-morrow afternoon, and the subject will be: 'Hell. Its Certainty, What Sort of a Place It is, and How to Escape It.'

"The musical part of the program will be very attractive and will consist of a barytone solo by Walter T. Griffith, who will sing 'Tell Mother I'll Be There.'

We earnestly hope that the information afforded by the first part of the program led the worthy barytone to reconsider.—*New York Sun*.

THE buxom maid had been hinting that she did not think much of working out, and this in conjunction with the nightly appearance of a rather sheepish young man caused her mistress much apprehension.

"Martha, is it possible that you are thinking of getting married?"

"Yes'm," admitted Martha, blushing.

"Not that young fellow who has been calling on you lately?"

"Yes'm, he's the one."

"But you have known him only a few days."

"Three weeks come Thursday," corrected Martha.

"Do you think that is long enough to know a man before taking such an important step?"

"Well," answered Martha with spirit, "'tain't 's if he was some new feller. He's well recommended; a perfectly lovely girl I know was engaged to him for a long while."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Epigrams.

SOCIETY—An assemblage of well-dressed persons who would rather be bored together than alone.

Happiness—An exception to the rule that the demand always creates a supply.

Poverty—By common consent an admirable training for mental and moral perfection—in others.—*Century Magazine*.

A Honeyed Rebuke.

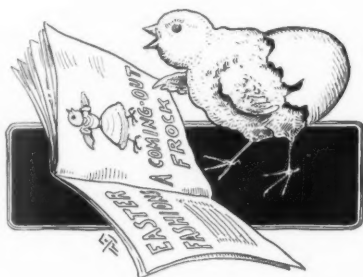
ROBBIE was in the habit of running errands for an old gentleman next door who never paid him except in effusive thanks. He had just returned from the third errand one morning, and the old gentleman, patting him on the head, said:

"Robbie, I am very much obliged to you. You're a fine little fellow. Thank you, my boy, thank you."

Robbie looked up in his face wistfully, and apologetically replied:

"Mr. Jones, you don't know how I wish I could thank you for something."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A WELL-KNOWN business man on returning home one evening recently heard his wife talking seriously to his small son for answering back. After listening a while the man broke into the conversation. "My boy," he said, "I want you to understand that I won't allow you to be impertinent to my wife. That's one thing you must always bear in mind." He was almost staggered by the answer he got. "Excuse me, father. I wouldn't have answered her back if I'd known she was your wife!"—*New York Globe.*



Chick: WELL, I HAVE MY COMING-OUT FROCK ON ALL RIGHT.

Worse Yet.

TOM: How's our old friend Dick?

Harry: Don't speak of him—poor fellow!

"What—is he dead?"

"Worse than that."

"Heavens! What has happened to him?"

"He's run off with my wife!"—*Translated for Tales from La Vida Galante.*

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME'S weaknesses are candy eating, cooking strange dishes and making furniture. During his examination of the Texan witnesses in the Patrick case the District Attorney had a bag of butter scotch on the table beside him and dipped into it every little while. Once, in the midst of an argument, he felt for the bag mechanically and, not locating it, stopped abruptly, looked around and found it had disappeared. A reporter was calmly munching its contents. Mr. Jerome joined in the laughter and continued his argument.—*New York Sun.*

The Knabe-Angelus



COMPETENT critic declared that this player-piano "presents an irresistible strength and is an attraction which must appeal to the public as no other existing combination can."

He did not overstate the fact, and how could he, for this instrument is the combined product of the two companies—Wm. Knabe & Company and The Wilcox & White Company—occupying the foremost positions in the manufacture of pianos and piano-playing devices.

The touch and incomparable tone of the Knabe Piano are not impaired by installing the ANGELUS entirely within the piano case, so the instrument is perfectly satisfactory to the trained musician of the highest artistic standard and is a never failing source of delight and entertainment to everyone who plays it by means of the ANGELUS.

For ten years the ANGELUS has been constantly developed by its inventive originators to its present point of superiority. It possesses peculiar and original mechanical advantages such as the wonderful melody buttons and the famous phrasing lever and the diaphragm pneumatics producing the human touch. These give the performer the means to produce truly artistic music and obtain effects not possible with any other piano player.

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The Knabe-Angelus
Ready to be played by ANGELUS Roll.

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Established 1876

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A.

A Drawing Card.

"I AM going to open a new theatre, and I wonder what announcement I ought to hang up at the door to attract the public."

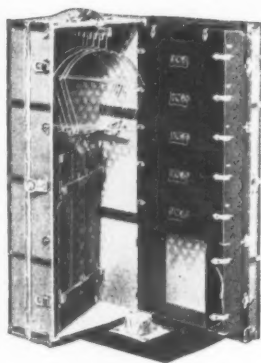
"You might try: 'Admittance free.'"
Translated for Tales from Le Rive.

CHURCH bells are necessary to remind some people that they have religion.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A T a recent political meeting in England, the speaker made a jest, and, finding that his audience had missed the point of it, said, playfully: "I had hoped, gentlemen, that you would laugh at that." A plaintive voice came through the silence, "I laughed, mister." Then everybody did.—*Argonaut.*

THE water wagon is a reliable vehicle that travels on dry land.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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The A. B. C. Wardrobe Trunk is the most practical trunk of its kind made. It does away with unpacking when you arrive and packing up when you leave—your clothes hang up just as they do in your wardrobe at home—an oak follower keeps them free from wrinkles. When closed, takes up only half the floor space of the ordinary trunk. Price \$35 and up.

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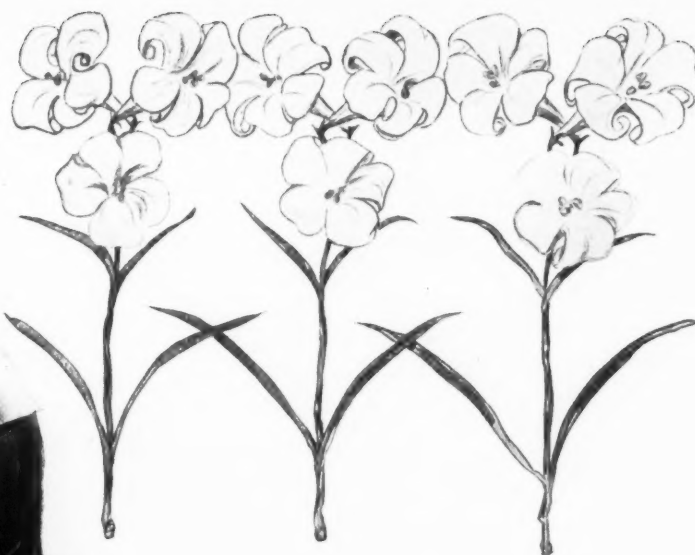
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Life



• HENRY • RYTT •

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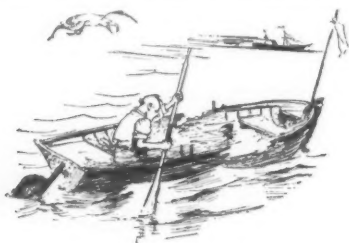
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N. Y.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. APRIL 5, 1906. No. 1223.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE corporation of Yale University consists of the President of the University, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, and sixteen Fellows, of whom six are chosen by vote of the alumni. These six elective Fellows hold office for six years, and are eligible for re-election. Each year the term of one of them expires, and an election is held to fill his place. Senator Depew's term happens to expire this year. Circulars have been sent out to Yale graduates, as is the usual course, asking for nominations for the vacancy, and on Commencement Day a successor to Mr. Depew will be chosen by vote. Senator Depew has been a member of the Yale Corporation for eighteen years (three terms), and there is much curiosity and some agitation, to see whether he will be again re-elected. We presume that most Yale men would have much preferred that his name should not have come before them this year. He has been a much disciplined, and indeed afflicted, man, and we suppose that common kindness will make his Yale brethren very loath to subject him to what may seem a rebuff in the house of his friends by denying him re-election. Those who vote for him, as doubtless many will, can claim, we believe, with entire justice, that he is to-day at least as good a man in character as he has been during the past eighteen years. His reputation, of course, has suffered, but it is not he that has changed. What has changed has been the standard by which he and his like have been used to be measured.

The Yale Corporation is a curiously anachronistic body, anyway. As we have said, it includes six elective members. These gentlemen are Fellows in the stead of the six senior Senators of Connecticut, who used to share the responsibilities of managing Yale, but retired to give the graduates a voice. But ten of the Fellows are still selected from the Congregational ministers of Connecticut, as provided by law in remote times when ministers were regarded as the safest depositories of educational responsibility. Yale having considerably outgrown the limitation of any sect, and being no longer chiefly concerned with the training of ministers, it has come to be rather amusing that a majority of its Governing Board should continue to be drawn from that one of the learned professions which has, we suppose, by very much the smallest representation among the graduates. But the old Puritan grip holds harder in Connecticut than in any other State. Privilege clings with curious tenacity there. Popular government in that State is very much restricted by the ancient rights of towns and villages, and change comes slow and hard. Some of the Yale ministerial Fellows are very competent men—they all are, for aught we know to the contrary—but the continuance of so large a group of them in such a Board is a striking reminder of old times.

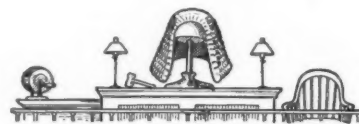


HARPER'S WEEKLY wants President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, to be the next Democratic candidate for President of the United States, and the *World* suggests Mr. Joseph H. Choate as a proper Republican candidate for Governor of New York. Dr. Wilson is a gentleman and a scholar, and is said to be a statesman, but how much experience he has had in driving wild-cats has not been disclosed. The next Democratic candidate will have to hitch up a team which for fractiousness and disparity of preference it would tax all the resources of the menagerie to match. Unless the candidate is a political Hagenbeck of

pre-eminent talent his cattle will eat him.

As for Mr. Choate, the *World* says it can think of no more fitting climax to his brilliant public career than to restore the Governorship of New York to its former dignity. Very good, but why hasten to adjust a climax to Mr. Choate? If there is a climax waiting to be fitted, we had sooner see it used on Mr. Pulitzer, and keep Mr. Choate along to serve as human nature's daily food. We don't greatly value Mr. Pulitzer as daily food. He tastes bad a good deal of the time. Mr. Choate never does.

Mr. Hughes ought to make an interesting candidate for Governor of New York, if Mr. Odell is willing.



FOR a big man Secretary Taft is singularly adjustable. He seems to be good enough for any place, and no place is too good for him. The qualities that suit a Secretary of War, a Justice of the Supreme Court, and a President of the United States are by no means identical, but for any one of these places Judge Taft is regarded as supremely fit.

It is understood that handy Judge Taft has been invited to be the successor of Justice Brown on the Supreme Bench. We hope that some time or other, when he gets around to it, he will bestow himself upon that important piece of our national furniture. He is too big a man to be running about on the surface of the earth, now in the Philippines, now at Panama. We can better spare a sparer person for those itinerant duties. Mr. Taft ought to be anchored somewhere, and to some permanent job of public service. Let us hope he will go on the bench. "Heft" is more needed there than in any other department of our Government, and Judge Taft is credited with having all the kinds of heft there are. Moreover, Congress, which has brought to nothing some of Secretary Taft's best work, cannot nullify his labors if he goes on the bench. The boot, in that case, would be on the other foot.



"I'M SORRY, MY DEAR, I CAN'T FIND WHAT'S WRONG. I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO WALK."
"WHY, GEORGE! I WOULDN'T ASK THE DOG TO WALK ON ROADS LIKE THESE; YOU'LL HAVE TO PUSH THE THING, THAT'S ALL."



TAKEN as a whole the oyster family is a virtuous family. None is brilliant, but many are passably entertaining and some few are quite bad. I have heard of some that were pretty bad, but I don't believe such was ever the case. Whatever they are they are never indifferent. If an oyster tires of righteousness, he or she does not loiter on the downward path, gradually becoming more and more steeped in

wickedness. That is not oysteresque. They don't shilly-shally. They stay good or become immediately rank—plunge right into crime. There is no middle ground among oysters. The oyster is either high caste or low caste; no one can mistake either. An oyster is either discriminating and esthetic, or he is the other extreme and has very bad taste. I have eaten a number of oysters and have come to the conclusion that not one of them should be allowed to go down without a reference. The moment the oyster steps into the vestibule, get a reference from him—make him show his Union card. This reckless welcoming and acceptance of all oysters should be discontinued. Get your reference first, and if he won't suit call for a screen, or if that is impossible, write your demand on a piece of paper. I always carry a little pad and pencil in my dinner coat now for just such occasions, because even in the best circles one occasionally meets an oyster that although his appearance is good is unutterably and socially impossible. His card, if examined, would undoubtedly read, "P. Tomaine Poyson." Especially in the suburbs is the danger the greatest. The good oysters don't like to go to the country any more than the good domestics. It has come to the pass now where some of our up-to-date young hostesses in the outlying towns, when giving dinner parties, arrange a series of covered booths, just as many as there are to be guests, and the oysters

are served individually in these. Each guest retires to his or her booth, where he or she finds a plate of oysters, a stethoscope and a list of questions calculated to draw out the moral or immoral tendencies of the most stubborn oyster. When this course is over, the guests withdraw quietly from their booths and seat themselves in the ordinary way at the table and the dinner proceeds. The idea for this departure was entirely my own, by the way, and I have received many congratulations from grateful hostesses and their guests—for what's a dinner without oysters?

The Black List.

YOU can't talk cigarettes in Indiana,
You can't talk baking-powder in Mizoo,
And if you are so selfish in a suburb Philadelphia
As to mention Gas, they'll surely murder you.

You can't talk Frenzied Finance down in Boston,
For it makes the shade of Emerson quite ill;
And in Jersey's little nation if you mention "Corporation,"
You'll have some lynchers after you to kill.

It's wrong to say "Divorce" in South Dakota,
Because it gets upon the people's nerves,
And in Utah if you scare 'em with the mention of a harem,
You'll receive what your temerity deserves.

To speak of rattlesnakes in Arizona
Embarrasses the natives half to death,
And among Chicago's pikers if you mention strikes or strikers,
They will say improper things beneath their breath.

If you flatter Booker Washington in Georgia,
You had better take insurance on your life,
And you're mighty, mighty lucky, if the subject in Kentucky
Leaves enough of you to ship home to your wife.

If you whoop it up for Standard Oil in Kansas,
You had better go in hiding for a week,
And it's reckless, mad bravado to say "Trust" in Colorado,
Where the natives like to shoot before they speak.

There's a skeleton in almost every closet,
And the bones are creaking merrily of late;
But the moral gleaned thereof is: if you're hunting for an office,
You had better suit your speeches to your State.

Wallace Irwin.



Civilization.



OUR methods of civilizing the Philippines suggest the methods of that admirable Head Master of Eton who thus emphasized the eight Beatitudes, which he was reading to the boys: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." Do you hear? See that you are clean of heart! If you are not clean of heart, I'll flog you."

It is the method commonly employed by educators, missionaries, reformers, and all the splendid advance guard of civilization. "See that you are civilized! If you are not civilized, I'll shoot you." It finds candid expression in phrases too frankly illustrative to be held in high esteem: "When you baptize a Jew, hold him under." "A dead Indian is a good Indian." It is more commonly spoken of before an admiring world as "bearing the white man's burden," and "upholding the honor of our flag." Words carry weight. It was in the sacred name of "fraternité" that the revolutionary Frenchman butchered his brother man. It is in the names of religion, civilization, and morality that the dominant races are disposing of the darker shades. A dead Moro is a good Moro, and will never again intrude his inadequate personality between the reformers and the reformed.

Agnes Repplier.

Poems That Are Printed And Poems That Are Not.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE, himself a poet, has made a critical examination of the files for 1905 of six magazines, measured up the poetry they contain, and made a valuation of its qualities. The six magazines are *Harper's*, *The Century*, *Scribner's*, *The Atlantic*, *McClure's* and *Lippincott's*. He tells which has the most poetry and which the best, and having thus gathered facts on which to reflect, he reflects.

He observes, among other things, that there are certain poets recognized by editors as writers of magazine poetry, and he thinks that their contributions tend to keep out of the magazines the daring and original work of others who are more important. For example, he finds John Vance Cheney, Edith Thomas, A. D. Ficke, Madison Cawein, Florence Earle Coates and John B. Tabb named in the tables of contents to the exclusion of William Vaughn Moody, Anna Hempstead Branch, Frederick Lawrence Knowles, Edward Arlington Robinson, Arthur Upton and Ridgely Torrence.

We would like to offer an amendment to this impression of Mr. Braithwaite. Long familiarity with the habits of magazines has persuaded us, not that the more or less meritorious poetry of one group of writers excludes the more meritorious poetry of another group, but that the best of the poetry that is written excludes still better poetry that does not get written. The magazines come out once a month and have to print what is, in preference to what might be. Isn't that the reason, and the only reason, for the phenomena which Mr. Braithwaite remarks?

Redeeming Features of New York.

THE ablest scold at large is the Boston correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*. No other scold equals him in acridity of disposition and extent of available knowledge. Discoursing about *The House of Mirth*, he calls New York the "Hades-Elysium of Jews and Macs," and declares that nothing that it possesses is its own and native to it except "its magnificent commercial site and its unredeemed commercial vulgarity."

There is no objection to the gentleman's slashing at New York, which is a big orphan, unused to kind treatment and indifferent to the other kind, but it is inaccurate to say that New York's vulgarity is unredeemed. We will bet that, man for man and woman for woman, there are at least two cultivated and decent people living in New York for every one in Boston.

That is a modest estimate, and of course not disparaging but complimentary to Boston. And the decent people who live in New York like to live there. That is

the main point. They do like the town, and stick to it by preference. Now, if it was vulgarity unredeemed, they wouldn't.

New York is a very comprehensive town. Anybody is welcome to kick as much of it as he thinks he can reach, but he deceives himself if he thinks he is kicking the whole place. Even Mrs. Wharton's assault was only a pinprick on a large carcass. New York's preoccupation is enough in itself to redeem its vulgarity. It has not time to care overmuch what is thought about it. It contains snobs, of course, but is not itself a snob. It is not anxious, it is not supercilious, it is not acrimonious. It is hospitable and free. It offers a thousand satisfactions to a thousand different tastes. Anybody who discerns in New York a particular satisfaction that attracts him is welcome to come and get it if he can, and good luck to him.



Two Women.

BY TOM MASSON.

"I DON'T propose to let that woman get ahead of me!"

Mrs. Dimpleton's voice was decisive.

Dimpleton knew at once that there was war in the air, though what kind of war or its cause, was not apparent.

He debated inwardly, with that fine sense of craftiness that comes in time to certain married men of experience, whether he should show any curiosity on the subject. If he did, he might get dragged into it, whereas if he preserved a studied indifference he would be scorned as being unworthy to become an ally.

He resolved to preserve neutrality and trust to luck.

"You refer," he ventured mildly, "to—"

"To that Mrs. Whippet."

"What has she done?"

"She is going to run for President of the Woman's Club, and if she gets it you know what that means, of course. In a few months she will be running the whole place—church, library, school and all the subscription dances. She's just that kind. Been working tooth and nail to get this place."

"Well," said Dimpleton, "what difference does it make? Who cares? She's an educated woman, I believe. Didn't I hear some one say that she was positively brilliant—studied abroad and all that sort of thing?"

Mrs. Dimpleton's face flushed with honest anger.

"She's simply horrid," she exclaimed. "Why, she neglects her own children to go to all these meetings. Everything at her own house is at sixes and sevens. It must be. How could it be otherwise? I know that I haven't been able heretofore to leave my own children and my housekeeping and go out and serve on committees, and fight and electioneer and draw up papers. And here's a woman who, just because she does neglect her home, can do it, and will soon be at the head of everything. And the rest of us will have to take a back seat."

Her lip quivered.

"But I won't stand it!" she exclaimed.

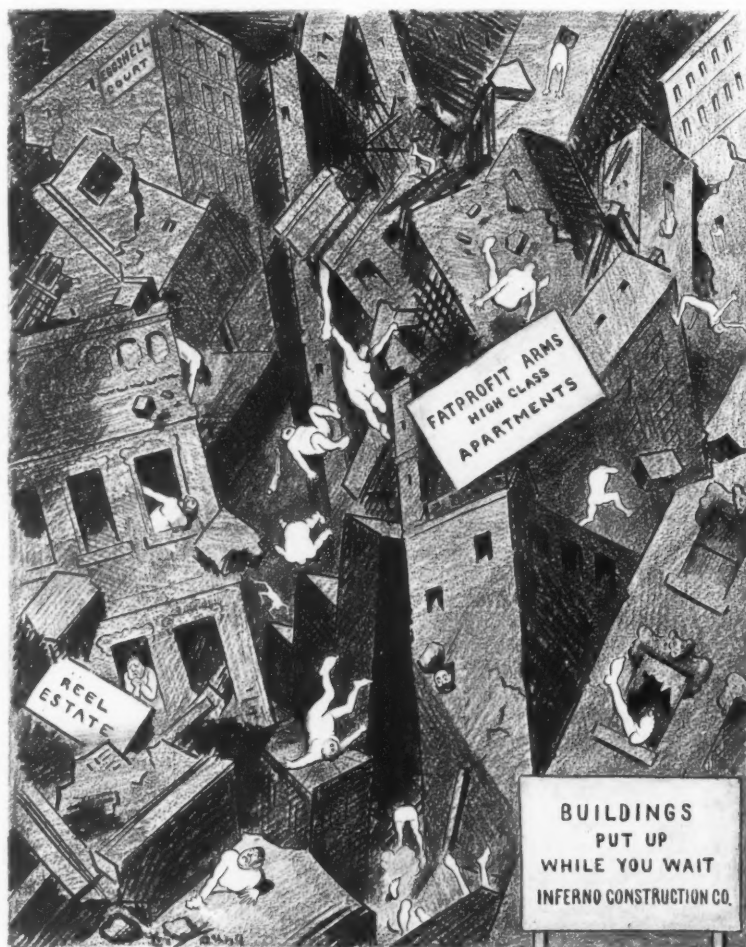
It was a subject that did not appeal strongly to Dimpleton. Somehow, it didn't seem to matter much. It was, compared with his own active life, with the turns in the market, the money that changed hands, the desperate struggle for bread and butter, like a sham battle. The idea of a lot of women fighting each other for a cheap kind of social or spurious mental ascendancy that, after all, didn't amount to anything, carried with it an element of absurdity that strongly appealed to his sense of the ridiculous.

"Nonsense!" he laughed. "How

foolish. Mrs. Whippet is probably one of those over-educated and unintelligent persons who glory in running the town. Let her do it. People of real ability—like yourself, for example—can afford to let her think she is the whole thing. It's always the way, my dear. Politics invariably engages the cheapest, showiest kind of talent. The real people haven't time to give up to that sort of thing."

Mrs. Dimpleton's eyes flashed fire.

"But the real people have, and will!" she cried. "I'm going to stop that woman from getting that place if it's a



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

THE PUNISHMENT FOR MEN WHO ERECT UNSAFE BUILDINGS.

possible thing. I'm not going to allow her to patronize me. Never! I guess I know as much as she does, and a heap sight more. And I'm going to fight her. So, my dear, you must look for the worst. I won't have any time to look after the house for I don't know how long. It will take all my energies to fight this battle. You'll have to look after the servants and children and keep an eye on things and do the best you can."

Dimpleton shuddered. Here, suddenly, like a bolt out of a clear sky, his hitherto happy, perfectly balanced home was to be without its head—a disaster that seemed a worse calamity than any he could have voluntarily conceived. Just because Mrs. Whippet had in some manner snubbed his wife, her blood was up and he—Dimpleton—was to be the real victim. What could be done? He felt somehow that protest was in vain. He must trust to luck, or that evanescent god who presides over the comfort of married men and babies.

"Well," he said quietly, "I suppose you've made up your mind to have a fight and there's no use for me to argue with you. But I warn you, my dear, that you have no easy task ahead of you. Mrs. Whippet is trained in that sort of thing. If she resolved to be President of the Woman's Club, I believe she'll do it. Besides, have you considered me? Don't you think I'm of some consequence?"

"Yes, dear, I have, but I've made up my mind that woman must be circumvented and I think I know a way to do it. For, after all, if she neglects her children and mismanages her household, I think I can make it evident that she isn't a fit person to occupy such an important position, and I believe that when this is brought home to the members of the club they will see it in the right way and will not elect her."

"But yet you say, now, that just be-

cause you are going to fight her, you are going to do the same thing. Doesn't that prove, my dear, not that Mrs. Whippet isn't smart, but simply that she can't do two things at once—any more than you can?"

Mrs. Dimpleton smiled triumphantly.

"No! It doesn't prove anything of the sort. The cases are not parallel at all. Mrs. Whippet never has managed her household. She hasn't got the ability. But she can talk, and spout French and German, and is up on Bible study and everything that makes a show. Now, our club is for purposes of culture. It's to round out the character of its members and teach them how to live in their own homes. That's why we intend to pay so much attention to the care of babies and the servant problem. Mrs. Whippet is full of theories. But I shall prove that she is not competent. I shall prove it in the only way that it can be proved, that she is not fit to direct other people's minds, when she can't direct her own."

"But are you sure she is as bad as that?"

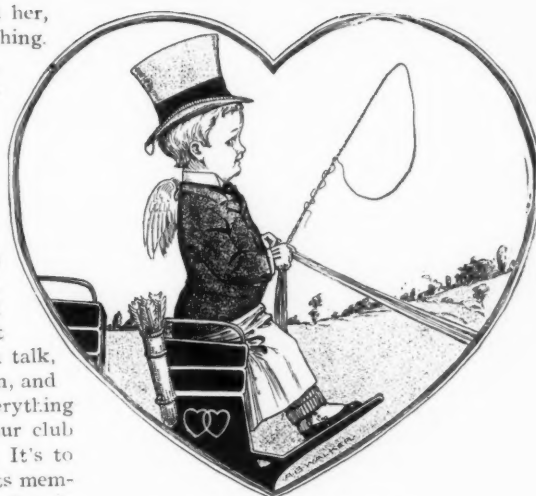
"Yes, yes. Don't you know her husband? Did you ever hear him brag of how comfortable he was at home?"

Dimpleton recalled that he never had. He remembered now that Whippet had a way of staying in town as often as possible—no doubt he was proud of his wife—of her brilliancy; but he didn't seem particularly well fed nor did he carry about with him that sleek, indefinable complacency that accompanies a married man whose wife is constantly looking after him.

"Well," he said, "perhaps you are right, but I don't see how you can fight it on that ground."

Mrs. Dimpleton smiled.

"All things are possible," she re-



IF "ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."

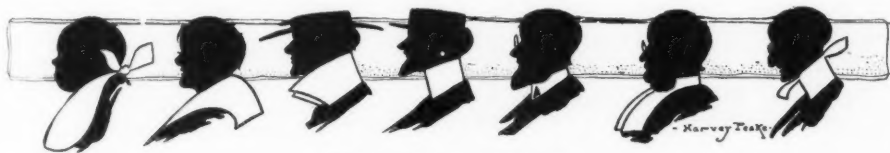
plied, "when the occasion demands it. To-day is Friday. The election takes place on Tuesday. On Monday there is a meeting of all the members of the club for nomination. Fortunately there are several other ladies with me who are opposed to Mrs. Whippet, and I have conceived a brilliant idea, which, with their help, shall be carried out."

"What is it?"

"Simply this: I shall speak of the desirability of having at the head of the club a woman whose home life is as well conducted as her public life. I shall lay stress on the fact that a woman who gets up and talks in public, no matter how learnedly or beautifully, can have no permanent value unless she knows how to manage her own home. And then I shall have some one to back me up and make the suggestion that a tour of inspection be made at once and without warning of the home of every woman present who has any idea of running for the presidency. The motion will be seconded. No one—especially Mrs. Whippet—will dare object, and the result will be that Mrs. Whippet will be exposed. Her shiftlessness will be known. Imagine what her house is on Monday! Wash day! That will end her all right."

"Splendid!" said Dimpleton, feebly.

At the same time his heart sank within him. He saw that if his wife's nefarious scheme was carried through



THE SEVEN COLLARS OF MAN.



A CRISIS IN THE CHURCH.

Miss Sereny Yellowleaf (speaking for the dissatisfied members): WE FEEL THAT WE NEED A YOUNGER MAN.

there was great danger of her being elected president of the Club, which meant for him from that time forth a disordered household. Dimpleton determined to frustrate the scheme if possible. But how?

He thought about it a good deal that night and it was not until the next day at luncheon that, seeing Whippet at a near table, the perfidious idea came to him that, after all, it was easier than he imagined.

Sauntering over to that gentleman, he laid his hand cordially on his shoulder.

"Allow me to congratulate you, old man," he said, "on your wife. From all accounts she is the most brilliant woman we have had for some time. I understand that her presidency of the Woman's Club is assured. Splendid possibilities for a woman of her ability."

Whippet smiled.

"Thanks, old fellow," he said. "She

does seem to be deep in those matters. But she may not get it."

"Oh, yes, she will. I hear they are going to spring a little surprise tomorrow. They're going to appoint a committee to visit each woman's home and see how she conducts things in private. What's fair for one is fair for all, you know. I'm sure your wife will get it. Ta-ta, old man, I must hurry on."

Dimpleton saw by the look on Whippet's face that that gentleman had "caught on" all right, and during the next three nights he slept the sleep of the just in the serene confidence that, although he had apparently been a traitor to his wife, it was done to preserve the peace and comfort of his own home.

On Tuesday, the day of the election, as he was eating his luncheon quietly, a hand was laid on his shoulder.

His friend Whippet stood over him. Whippet's voice, dulcet and jubilant,

sounded in his ear. "Old man, allow me to congratulate you. I have just received a 'phone from Mrs. Whippet. She was not elected, but your wife was."

Dimpleton sprang to his feet.

"The devil!" he exclaimed. "Why, how could that happen?"

"Easy enough. The committee went their round of inspection. When they came to my house they found things—well, upside down. Mrs. Whippet, you see, was too busy with other things—"

"But heavens, man, didn't you warn her? Didn't you give her the tip?"

Whippet leaned over, in his eyes the light of a new-found joy.

"Not on your life!" he exclaimed. "Why, I'm tickled to death! I didn't want her to get it. I knew better than that. Why, my wife is so chagrined by the whole thing that she swears now she'll do absolutely nothing after this but stay home and take care of me and the children!"



This Bubble World

SENATOR DEPEW says he wishes the public would forget him.
—*Houston Post*.
He seems to be almost resigned to it.

Herman Menz, of Detroit, who erected a statue of Satan on his lawn, as a defiance to the churches, is a candidate for Alderman in that city.—*Philadelphia Press*.

He'd stand a better chance of election in

It is the fact that you must possess and retain a degree of information before you can realize that you are a fool.—*Tyler Courier*.

If this is true, some one ought to start a society for supplying information to New York's newly rich.

Manufacturers of adulterated food-products are trying to make it plain that they use only pure poisons in their business.—*Harper's Weekly*.

The seventh commandment seems to be a dead letter law in the United States.

This State will keep out of freakish anti-cigarette legislation.—*Lowell Citizen*.

And thus sensible Massachusetts puts silly Indiana to the blush.

A Frenchman says Kaiser Wilhelm is "a whirlwind of personality."
—*Chicago News*.

This Frenchman would probably describe Datto Bryan as "a personality of hot air."

There is a woman in New York society whose notorious vulgarities of speech and action, to say nothing of her abominable manners, are only condoned on account of her wealth and inherited position.—*Gertrude Atherton in the Cosmopolitan*.

One?

Gen. Corbin says the trouble with the Chinese is that they resent the efforts to force a lot of new creeds on them.—*Chicago Journal*.

It's a trouble our missionaries will rectify if it takes every soldier the United States can raise to back them up.

Count Boni at last succeeds in commanding genuine sympathy. He has the grip.—*Washington Star*.
On Anna's money?

A Chicago preacher has discovered what is called a "candy jag."
—*New York Tribune*.

Trust a preacher to find evil in everything. Another chance for Anthony Comstock.

To hell with law.—*Johann Most's last words*.

An unparliamentary way of saying what is thought by every one who experiences the law's delays.

A man of millions in the West says that millionaires can be happy though rich.—*Baltimore American*.

He can't prove it by us.

We are interested to note the announcement of a novel "that leaves a good taste in the mouth."—*Boston Transcript*.

Has Henry James been writing a cook-book with a plot?

It is said that the number of swine in the State of New York is constantly diminishing.—*Houston Post*.

Not if one may judge by the rear platforms of New York's street-cars.

An inventor promises a boat that will cross the Atlantic in two days.—*Denver Republican*.

Still too long for seasickness and certainly too short for a satisfactory sea-flirtation.

A legislator in Mississippi has introduced a bill to stop flirting and encourage matrimony.—*Baltimore American*.

A curious way of getting back at the girl.

The Kaiser asserts that in case of war he will head the army in person.—*Utica Observer*.

With certain possibilities in mind, it might be held that war hath its blessings no less than those of peace.

Statistics show that the length of life in Chicago has increased 129 per cent. in the last fifty years.—*Indianapolis News*.
That is tough.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST.

VERY MILD.

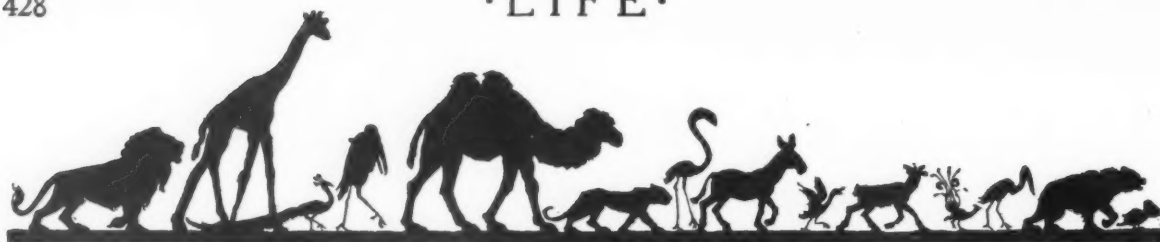


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FASHION NOT FROM H
CHERUBS ARE NOT WORN



OT FROM HEAVEN.
WORN ON HALOS.



THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY NOAH'S

Descriptive.

HE had borne investigation with a sense of mild elation as they let him off scot free. To the man who came blackmailing he'd administered a whaling just as painful as could be. An adventuress he married, with divorce he neatly parried, she was glad to let him go. In the Senate when elected in a manner unexpected, he was known as "Honest Joe." When he died it was suggested that his life should be attested for the victims he'd *not* done. By an epitaph befitting, you could take in at one sitting, so they wrote "THE ONLY ONE."



A Variety of Topics.

AFTER a strenuous, artificial evening with Mr. Mansfield, the quiet and naturalness of "The Greater Love," at the Madison Square, is like cooling water to the parched palate. The author, Ivy Ashton Root, has taken Mozart for her central character and about his life, death, and musical compositions, woven an imaginary love story which possesses the merit of novelty, even if it does lack that of probability. It is a narrative of homely life relieved by the struggles, defeats and accomplishments of the great musical genius. It pictures him as so devoted to his art that the ordinary ambitions, emotions and passions of mankind are of little moment in his life. He seems to take as little note of a man's treachery as of a woman's love; in fact, he is made the embodiment of musical selfishness, the kind of selfishness which is self-sacrificing because it does not care. In that respect the play carries an illustration of the belittling influence of music on human nature which probably the author never intended. It almost proves that devotion to the musical art, the pursuit of time, tune and harmony is an obsession which wipes out every other interest and feeling in the human make-up.

The play introduces in the leading role Mr. Howard Kyle, an artist who has never hitherto made an impression in New York, although he has apparently had considerable stage experience. Although he carefully follows the guidance of the Mozart portraits in costume and make-up, he lacks a certain spirituality that we are wont to associate with musical genius and to that extent the illusion is incomplete. He possesses a brusqueness and business-like manner tinged with a kind of *bonhomie* that rather suggests the genial man of business than one through whose soul are running divine harmonies and melodies. It is

by no means a bad performance, but in a way jars upon our ideals. Beverly Sitgreaves as *La Mandini*, the great prima donna who lavishes the love of her life on *Mozart*, gives a most convincing performance, dignified, intense and earnest. Her lines in tone and inflection are a delight to the ear. The rest of the cast is quite competent.

The mounting of the play is elaborate and in excellent taste. No pains seem to have been spared to make the settings and costuming correct and artistic in detail and general effect. The musical features also are well done, the introduction of a male quartet to sing the "Requiem" at the last curtain making what might have been a commonplace denouement a rarely enjoyable combination of sight and sound.

Musical persons should find this unusual combination of drama with a musical theme an especially agreeable entertainment.

* * *

WHEN Marse Henry Watterson says a thing, there is never much doubt about what he means. He gives this information to the people of Louisville anent a recent theatrical performance in that city.

CARRION.

When a degenerate like Clyde Fitch works with French realism as his raw material, the product is bound to be unrelieved rottenness.

And when an actress like Nethersole, who seems to delight in prostituting her genius in such a way, serves that product, the result must make a particularly strong appeal to the appetite for carrion.

You went to see "Sapho" after having heard that it was rotten.

Down in the very canker of your being you hoped it was rotten.

You sought its rottenness, and for three hours you soaked yourself in it.

Now, in perfect candor, do you think that all the rottenness of those three hours was on the stage?

Do you think there was more of it on the stage than there was in the audience?



THE EASTER PARADE.



ASTOUNDING ANIMAL AGGREGATION.

Can you cheat yourself with the assumption that some of the rottenness you brought away from that production was not taken there by you?

Are you altogether sure that if the theatre, during that performance, had been thoroughly disinfected, it would not have been necessary to employ a goodly portion of the disinfectants on yourself?

And Marse Henry's burning words apply not only to those who go to the theatre expecting to see something salacious. They apply equally to the cheap and tawdry persons who make up the audiences for the cheap and tawdry shows the Trust so often sends to Broadway theatres. It is simply another way of saying that the people themselves are to blame for the deterioration of the stage.

* * *

THAT good old English farce, "Charley's Aunt," has come to life again on the stage of the Manhattan, resurrected, no doubt, by the great success of a similar piece, "Mr. Hopkinson," at the Fields Theatre. The former still retains in a high degree its mirth-provoking qualities both for the new generation and for those who saw it years ago. Mr. Etienne Girardot, who created the part in America, is still *Charley's Aunt* "from Brazil where the nuts grow," and seems to have lost none of his ability to bring out all the fun in the lines and situations. The remainder of the cast is of mediocre quality, but in its entirety "Charley's Aunt" is pleasing and innocent diversion.

* * *

THE Paris *Matin* of March eleventh reports a judgment just handed down by President Bondoux of the First Chamber of the Tribunal in the case of two gentlemen named Clunet and Allart. Evidently these gentlemen came up against conditions which some foolish managers are trying to maintain in America. Among other things the decision says:

It is held that the manager of a theatrical establishment who offers his seats to the public may not refuse admission to a spectator who offers the price demanded if the spectator presents himself according to the understood conditions and does not come for the purpose of making trouble or interfering with the performance; furthermore, the manager may not make an exception even of a dramatic agent who is present on account of his business if he confines himself to being a passive spectator.

The court in addition to decreeing to MM. Clunet and Allart the cost of their tickets awarded them a very substantial amount in the way of punitive damages.

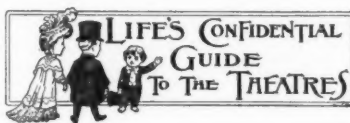
French justice doesn't seem so blind, after all.

* * *

ENTHUSIASTIC and altruistic ancestors with assemblages of vivacious juvenile descendants, gregariously anticipating jubilation, synchronously and multitudinously circumambulate Madison Square Garden hodie. Capricious divagations and abnormal exaggerations are causations of cackinnatory exclamations. Hippocentaurlike achievements overpoweringly and inexorably agitate the imagination. Athleticism and superagility in accumulative accretion proportionating with dangerous dare-deviltry visualize repetitiously.

The circus is here.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music.—Mrs. Fiske and her admirable company in Mr. McClellan's very interesting drama "Leah Kleschna."

Belasco.—"The Girl of the Golden West." David Belasco's well-cast and well-presented play of life in early California.

Bijou.—"The Music Master." Mr. David Warfield's artistic character acting in agreeable comedy.

Broadway.—"The Vanderbilt Cup." Automobile trash for the crass multitude.

Casino.—Last week of "Happyland," with De Wolf Hopper and dainty Marguerite Clarke. Amusing comic opera well presented with unusually musical score.

Criterion.—"The Mountain Climber," with Francis Wilson as the star. Athletic and strenuous farce.

Daly's.—"The Embassy Ball." Lawrance D'Orsay in polite comedy of Washington life, by Augustus Thomas. Enjoyable.

Empire.—Barrie's "Peter Pan," with Maude Adams in the title part. Childish imaginings adroitly turned to stage use.

Fields Theatre.—"Mr. I. Hopkinson." Thoroughly laughable and well-acted English farce.

Garden.—George Ade's "The College Widow." Fun with the Western university.

Garrick.—Last week of "Gallops." Mr. Charles

Richman and good company in Mr. David Gray's pleasing little comedy of the hunting set.

Herald Square.—"George Washington, Jr." Just about the sort of thing one would imagine would be liked by the kind of people that go to see it.

Hippodrome.—"A Society Circus," "The Court of the Golden Fountains" and "The Plunging Horses." Circus, spectacle and tank, all the best of their kinds.

Hudson.—"The Duel." Excellent company, including Mr. Otis Skinner and Fay Davis, in absorbing French society drama.

Knickerbocker.—"Mlle Modiste." Mr. Victor Herbert's score, Mr. Henry Blossom's book and Fritz Scheff, combined in a very pleasant performance of light opera.

Lyric.—"Mexicana." Tuneful and well-presented comic opera.

Madison Square.—"The Greater Love." See opposite.

Madison Square Garden.—The annual visit of the Barnum and Bailey Circus. See above.

Manhattan.—"Charley's Aunt." See above.

Princess.—"Brown of Harvard." Breezy sketch of college life, with Mr. Harry Woodruff as the star.

Proctor's Fifth Avenue.—Stock company in weekly change of bill.

Savoy.—"It's All Your Fault." Notice later.

Weber's Theatre.—"Twiddle Twaddle" and burlesque. Good fun.

IN the old days they asked the composer of a comic opera "How did you think of it?" To-day the question is, "Where did you get it?"



THE RESULT OF A BAD EGG.

The Fadeless Andrew.



A PASSION for immortality is hot in many human hearts; only the philosophic few admit they will be tucked away under the daisies and forgotten; only the self-respecting realize that it is less ignoble to be a bunch of bones in a forgotten hole than an embalmed Pharaoh in a dime museum.

Andrew Carnegie desires immortality; and if persistence, thrift, publicity and a consciousness of his own worthiness can secure the prize, he will be remembered by posterity. Of course, the post-mortem recognition which the modest and reticent Andrew is in quest of is not an affair of heaven, harps, halos and hot air; what he wants is the current and commercial brand of immortality, which is guaranteed to last a century or two, and which consists mainly of brass and stone, of ink and paper, and the clamor of men. While the chief of Clan Carnegie has never had diffidence enough to amount to a disease, his commercial sagacity has been remarkable; and in his quest for immortality he has eschewed the baser arts of the monopolist and shown a joyous willingness to have partners in his prize and enterprise. Andrew does not wish to be the only immortal handed down to posterity; he is too generous and gregarious to wish such a thing; modesty and moderation will mark his post-mortem affairs as distinctly as prudence and privacy have marked his living. Andrew is no hog; he will not greet posterity with a brass band; he will cheerfully share immortality with the worthy poor and the really great if labeled legibly.



HE knows that greatness is a relative affair and a matter of contrasts and comparisons; and he is generous enough to realize how lonely he would feel were Dr. Munyon, Lydia Pinkham, Willie Hohenzollern, Chauncey Depew and Carrie Nation wiped off the immortal slate. He knows how capricious is fame, how uncertain immortality, and being familiar with the eccentricities of post-mortem judgments, he proposes to fool posterity and build himself into the fabric of time and eternity. Immortality may elude some, but it can't get away from Andrew and his universal partnership plan.

Homer, a Greek beggar; Shakespeare, an English poacher; Cervantes, a Spanish roysterer, and other detrimentials, while they have immortality and books, lack character, respectability and a partner in posterity. *in secula seculorum*, to soothe an outraged public conscience, Andrew furnishes these things plus house room for their works, and by his wisdom and generosity, and his name over the door, he enables posterity to learn that these fellows really did live once on a time. Ben Franklin, a man of meager means and morals and some reputation, left a small fund for big purposes in Boston; but the enterprise lagged

miserably until Andrew stepped in and gave Boston and Ben a boost. The joint generosity of Andy and Benny ensures the Hub a stately edifice, and future generations of grateful Bostonians can learn from the sign over the door that they owe all this splendor to CARNEGIE and Franklin.

It is among the possibilities of this progressive age that the shrinking Andrew may build cathedrals in choice spots to stem the tide of scepticism and error, when churchmen and theologians will exhibit a tithe of Mr. Carnegie's generosity and agree to drop the Trinity and adopt a quartet. It may not be done, since even partnerships have their limitations and religious prejudices die hard.

Anyhow, Andrew's immortality is secure, secure in his partnerships; and posterity may view the immortal Carnegie on top of column (steel preferred) next to pure reading matter.

Joseph Smith.



"HIGHER CRITICISM."



Parson: DO YOU TAKE THIS WOMAN FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE?

Bridegroom: WELL, I CAN'T EXACTLY SAY. HER PEOPLE THINK IT'S FOR BETTER, BUT MINE THINK IT'S FOR WORSE.



ALL THAT WAS POSSIBLE, the new story by Howard Overing Sturgis, whose *Belchamber* is now, in its second season, attracting the notice to which its searching if gruesome art entitles it, is a lighter if no less tragic satire on the conventions of the unco guid. It is an account of a summer in the life of Mrs. Sybil Crofts, comedian, who after the marriage of the Earl of Medmenham has retired to a secluded cottage on the coast of Wales, and in spite of its fragmentary nature and the choice of the correspondence form for its setting forth, it is one of the best things of the season.

The Idlers, by Morley Roberts, while having nothing in common with Mr. Sturgis's story except its unsuitability for the young person, is another of the spring books which is a remarkably well handled thing of its kind. In it Mr. Roberts has cast aside the restraint, the subtlety and the literary grace of *Rachel Marr*, and with a laughing cynicism and a candor which would be brutal frankness were its manners less perfect, has told a story of English life, a society version of the town and country mice, which is as true as it is tragic, as rotten as it is true, and as readable as either.

No greater contrast to these respectively serious and cynical immoralities could be conceived than Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's highly polished morality, *The Dawn of a To-morrow*. This partnership of a day between a slum child blessed with an invincible optimism and a rich and titled wreck seeking a chance for undiscovered self-destruction in the labyrinth of the East End of London, is a skillful blend of realism and sentiment as beautiful and as futile as the transformation scene in a Christmas pantomime.

The essays of C. F. G. Masterson,

published under the title of *In Peril of Change*, embody what may be called a political estimate of recent literature. The article from which the volume borrows its title and which is placed at the end instead of at the beginning of the collection, sums up the author's views of England's political outlook, and many of those which precede it attempt to trace the changes in the ethical and political ideals of the past fifty years in terms of the literature and the literati of the period. The individual essays are suggestive and at times brilliant, but judged as a sequence, however loose, as a logical whole, however informal, their cumulative impression is that of a variable and inconclusive pessimism.

Mr. William John Hopkins, in *The Clammer*, has struck a bell-like note from the muffled chord of modern protest against the complexity of life. The story is a charming romance, a half-laughing idyl of the "simple life," written in a style whose artificiality has been pruned and chastened into a perfect expression of its own antithesis, and reflecting in the form of a captivating conceit our longing for the fundamental realities of life and our slavery to the all else that has been added thereto. It is confidently recommended to all sorts and conditions of readers.

The difficulties of fitting an artificial style to a fanciful subject are less perfectly overcome in *A Garden in Pink*, by Blanche Elizabeth Wade, a book which nevertheless is also an idyl in its way, a honeymoon garden book full of graceful play and voicing the inclusive idealism of youth instead of the eclectic idealism of experience.

Fresh from travels of rediscovery among the islands of the West Indies, undertaken with the object of research and identification in connection with

the diaries and contemporary records of Christopher Columbus, Frederick A. Ober has given to his volume upon *Columbus the Discoverer* an atmosphere of unusual or perhaps one might better say of geographical realism. From its style the work appears to have been written for boys, but the fresh note above referred to makes it worth a looking over.

J. B. Kerfoot.

All That Was Possible. By Howard Overing Sturgis. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Idlers. By Morley Roberts. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

The Dawn of a To-morrow. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

In Peril of Change. By C. F. G. Masterson. (B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.)

The Clammer. By William John Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

A Garden in Pink. By Blanche Elizabeth Wade. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.)

Columbus the Discoverer. By Frederick A. Ober. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.)

SOME faces are almost human.

SOME people are more skinned against than skinning.



A FULL PAGE DRAWING.



THOSE EASTER HATS.

Oil More Constant Than Steel.

IT was in the papers early in March that another of the Pittsburg Steel million-a-minute men was being sued for divorce. The statistics of divorce among the Steel millionaires are not accessible at this moment, but so curiously large a percentage of these financially prosperous persons have been advertised as unable to live harmoniously with their wives that it has come to be matter for surprise when a Steel couple, like the Schwabs, continue happy, though married and rich.

It is so different with the Standard Oil mil-

lionaires, who are as strong in their clutch on original family life as on all the other attainable sublunary blessings. Standard Oil family life may not be exciting, but it is remarkably continuous. Standard Oil is interested in Bible teaching, attends divine service regularly, raises small families of prudent and pious children, plays golf for recreation, and buys and sells stocks as unostentatiously as possible. Steel goes to horse races, gambles with a brass band, looks upon the wine when its bubbles rise up, has a too, too catholic appreciation of feminine loveliness, and raises offspring like unto itself.

When we say "true as steel," we don't really mean it. We mean "true as oil."

NOTE. Nothing in the above should be understood as applying to A. Carnegie or H. C. Frick.

Divorce.

BISHOP DOANE implores all clergymen to agree never to remarry any divorced person, whether that person was guilty or innocent of offense.

In thus confounding the victims of horrible injustice and the criminals of brutal or licentious habits in one common punishment, the Bishop is showing the remarkable consistency of the Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe, and who whipped all her children every night with motherly impartiality.

Meanwhile Bishop Doane ought to seek to organize a Clerical Union to guarantee that church marriages shall not prove failures.

Not long ago a man was sentenced to the penitentiary for six years, and an infatuated fool of a woman insisted on marrying him before he was shut up. Of course, a priest was found without difficulty to administer this "holy and indissoluble sacrament." But no priest will be found to aid this silly girl to re-

trieve her rashness by a divorce, when she wakes up; and the very priest who was the accomplice and the *sine qua non* of her insane act, will refuse her the privilege of remarriage.

The question arises: In view of the fact that priests and preachers are heaven's own agents in administering the sacrament of marriage, when a marriage fails, should not the priest or preacher be punished in some way—by being forbidden, for instance, to collect further marriage fees?

In Mr. Armour's Butcher Shop.

("And so he (the Public) damns the packer and lets it go at that," says Mr. J. Ogden Armour in the *Saturday Evening Post*.)

IN Mr. Armour's Butcher Shop,
Where pork in broadcloth splurges,
A pig into a chute they'll drop,
And when the beast emerges,
He's buttons, shoe-strings, house-paint, gum,
Sausage and bacon fat.
The Beef Trust works poor piggie some,
"And lets it go at that."

In Mr. Armour's Butcher Shop,
Where strange machines are jiggered,
When cattle in the hopper hop
They come out quite "transfiggered,"
As hat-bands, baseballs, gum-drops, steaks
And hearth-rugs nice and flat.
The Beef Trust gentle bossie takes,
"And lets it go at that."

To Mr. Armour's Butcher Shop
When stockmen come to sell,
The rates in beef and mutton drop
Like brickbats down a well;
But when retailers come to buy,
Then quicker than a scat
The price of beef goes soaring high,
"And lets it go at that."

In Mr. Armour's Butcher Shop
Where greed on velvet wallers,
The Public in the mill they pop
And turn 'em into dollars.
They can the brains and hearts of men
And utilize the fat,
Taking a rebate now and then,
"And let it go at that."

Wallace Irwin.



DEAR LIFE:

"Many men of many minds." In your editorial comment in *LIFE* of March 15th, on Teunis S. Hamlin's letter deploring your attitude toward missionaries, you say: "Even then we should consider the missionary an impertinence." There you have the whole thing in a nutshell. A pagan may have all the sincerity in his worship and belief that the most devout Christian has, and his chances in the hereafter may be just as good; for he, like the Christian, worships his idea of God with sincerity and devotion. He may be mistaken (so may the Christian) for none of us really knows; we simply have faith and belief, but no knowledge, merely conjecture. What right have we to send proselyting missionaries to foreign countries? What right have we to tell the inhabitants of these countries that they are all wrong, and that we are preaching the true gospel, while they are unenlightened barbarians? Should we receive kindly, and listen patiently to a stranger who entered our office, or our factory, to tell us that we were running our business on entirely wrong lines, a business

which had been conducted perhaps for generations on similar lines? No. If we listened to him patiently, we should show a Christian forbearance; what we should probably do would be to show him the door, even if we did not materially accelerate his exit, and his descent of the stairs! *Voila tout!*

F. S. Sturgis.

Boston, March 14th.

The Power of Gold.

THERE is something impressive, and of the cheerfulest promise, too, in the circumstance of evangelists entering Philadelphia and proposing to spend \$50,000 to save that city. "*Aurum*," remarks Horace, sagaciously, "*perrumpere amat saxa*," by which he means to say that money delights in the hard task, and whatsoever it is or is not up against, in Philadelphia, can anybody doubt the issue? Fifty thousand dollars may not suffice, or fifty millions, even, but, at all events, there is certainly an assignable sum of hard cash which will turn the trick.

Is it not a vastly finer thing to be an evangelist in these rich and prosperous times, than it was in the day of St. Paul, who had no money to work with, nothing, in fact, but his apostolic virtues, worthy enough, in their way, but stupid and uncomfortable withal?

THERE is fine shooting in Jolo. Six hundred men, women and children in one round-up is a good bag after three days' hunting. Besides, we own the dusky patriots. They were bought and paid for.

The Proposal.

WHAT HE HAD PLANNED TO SAY.

LUCILLE, we are alone at last! I cannot tell you how I have waited, how I have longed for this moment. Do you remember, Lucille, the first time we met? Well, I loved you from that moment. Are you surprised? I could not help it—I felt as though Fate had drawn us together. Only tell me, darling, that some of my love is returned. There must be hope for me—say there is! (Takes her hand.) I love you! Love you more than words can tell. All I ask is that



First Beetle: I WONDER WHY MR. BUG GAVE UP HIS FINE HOME ON THE AVENUE AND TOOK UP A RESIDENCE IN THAT ONION?

Second Beetle: WHY, HE SAYS HE INTENDS PURCHASING AN AUTOMOBILE IN THE SPRING.

for the remainder of my life I may be your willing slave—all I desire is your happiness. Tell me, sweetheart, that my love is reciprocated. Will you be mine? (Kisses her.) Darling, at last my happiness is complete.

WHAT SHE PLANNED TO SAY.

Why, Jack! I did not dream of this! I have always thought of you in a real friendly way, and it seems so strange now to have you speak of love. I suppose I could get used to it in time. Yes, I might learn to love you a little—just a little. But you must really, Jack, give me some time to readjust myself. What, kiss me—you silly boy! Well, just one.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.

JACK: The fact is, Lucy, that I-I-I can't get along without you.

LUCY: Oh, Jack!

Bread Cast Upon Wild Waters.

ABOUT a year ago the *Yale Alumni Weekly* printed an extensive series of lectures on life insurance soliciting as a profession. We cannot think without deep emotion of what our New Haven neighbor's feelings must be when it recalls the amount of valuable space it devoted to the diffusion of those particular details of knowledge.

"**W**HAT makes you think Bilkins is in love?"

"I was in the next room to him and his girl and overheard one of their silences."

A Labor of Love.

BY GRACE CHAPMAN SPADER.

"I'VE got it at last."

Rufus Kinglake, president of the Kinglake Mill, looked up as his superintendent entered.

"Got what, Gerster?" he asked. "You don't mean to tell me that—"

Gerster nodded briskly. He was a short, stout, intelligent appearing man, half-German, with a studious look and sharp eyes. He was covered with white.

"Yes," he said, "after working night and day for a formula, I've got what I believe will prove to be the most

popular health food on the market—that is, if it is pushed."

"It will be pushed all right," said Kinglake, "if it is the right thing."

Gerster poured from a small porcelain vessel he carried, into a saucer lying on the desk, a white flaky substance. Kinglake tasted it several times. He examined it carefully.

"That looks pretty good," he said at last. "What's in it?"

The foreman looked around carefully. He got up and closed the door.

"I wouldn't dare tell you," he said, softly. "It's—well, it has a little glucose, and albumen—not enough to hurt—and marble dust and bran and some—other things. You see, it had to be cheap and practically tasteless, and it had to look attractive. That was my problem. I had a devil's time in making some of the ingredients soluble, but now it's as easy as pie. We'll have to get a complete new set of baking ovens, but otherwise our plant can turn it out by the carload."

"How much will it cost to make?"

"I figure, roughly, about one cent a pound."

Kinglake got up and grasped his superintendent cordially by the hand.

"Gerster!" he exclaimed. "You're a genius. I guess you've struck it all right. Of course, the advertising problem is the whole thing. I've got to put it in the hands of the right man. It will cost a hundred thousand and at least to place it on the market. After that it will be easy. But the man! The right man!"

"I should think that might be easy," said Gerster. "There are plenty of good agents, and—"

"You don't understand the problem. I've studied it pretty well, and there's one thing certain. The man back of this health food must believe in it thoroughly. There are too many of them on the market at present for us to expect to succeed in the ordinary manner. Gerster, there's a psychology in advertising. Sincerity has got to be at the bottom. The man who takes this up must have an absolute conviction in it and must have such a keen interest in it that he will make it succeed. That's what the public demands. It must be a labor of love."

"Then you'd better not tell him what's in it," grinned Gerster.

Kinglake did not answer at once. He was thinking.

"Of course not," he said at last.

He thumped his hand on the table.

"I have an idea!" he exclaimed.



Young Wife (excited and horrified): JACK, MOTHER SAYS SHE WANTS TO BE CREMATED!
Jack: ALL RIGHT. TELL HER TO PUT HER THINGS ON AND I'LL TAKE HER DOWN AT ONCE.

(This story is continued on the fifth advertising page following.)



BEFORE AND AFTER.

A thing of joy he used to be,
A carpet knight, I trow;
But he was wed last year, and, gee,
He's just a doormat now.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PERSONALLY VENTILATED.

There was nothing else in the world which Norah Leahy, competent scrub woman, feared as much as a thunder storm. Her accounts of experiences during the summer were always sure to contain a few thrilling incidents connected with heavy showers.

"The wurst time iver I had was in the *Herald* buildin' wan Satherday in the summer o' ninety-foor," Mrs. Leahy is certain to tell a new listener. "In the middle o' the afternoon, whin they'd all gone from the upper floor, an' I was there wid me mop, there came up the fearfulest storm that iver I saw.

"Whin it burrst, I ran to a coat-closet an' shut meself in, an' I says to meself, 'Whin the thunder dies down, I'll step out, and not befoor.' An', if you'll belave me, I was two full hours shut in that closet, wid no vintilation but me own breath."—*Youth's Companion*.

A WASHLADY.

The natives of the North Georgia mountains are loath to be considered "servants" in any sense of the term, hence the managers and guests at the various resorts in this section find the "help problem" a most difficult one. During the past summer, however, a great, uncouth mountaineer strode into the lobby of a fashionable hotel, and asked, in stentorian tones, "Is there any woman in this house what wants a lady to wash for her?"—*Harper's Magazine*.

AN OLD-FASHIONED AMERICAN.

Forty years ago Robert E. Lee was offered the presidency of a Northern insurance company at a salary large enough for those days. He wrote that he hadn't the ability or the experience to command such a salary. He was told that his name was worth it. "What influence I have with the Southern people is not for sale," said Lee. That ended the negotiations. —*New Orleans States*.

THE way of the transgressor may be hard, but did you never hear of that traveled by his women kin? —*Atchison (Kan.) Globe*.

HE HAD DONE HIS SHARE.

He was 10 years old and had gone to the dentist's to get one of the last of his "milk teeth" extracted. It was not a difficult job, and the little fellow never whimpered. Instead, he said to the dentist, when the operation was over:

"Well, we made a good job of that, didn't we?"

"We?" replied the dentist. "Why do you say 'we'?" "What did you do?"

"Why, I held the socket while you pulled the tooth, didn't I?"—*New York Globe*.



TO "BOO" IS TABOOED.

A BABY NAMED BOBBY JUST COOED WITH CONTENT, TILL A MAN WHO WAS RUDE SAID "BOO." AND BOB'S DAD REMARKED, "I GET MAD, IF MY BABY-BOY BOBBY BE 'BOOED.'"—*News*.

NOT MUCH TIME LEFT.

"Just one minute—the astronomers tell us that a monster comet is heading for the earth with the speed of an express train. Only a few days remain in which to pay your subscription to the *News*—we don't want to trot all over h—ll to find you."—*Andalusia News*.

AIMLESSNESS spends its time going nowhere and coming back.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

WHOLESALE.

Some time ago, in New York City, a man was awakened in the night to find his wife weeping, uncontrollably.

"My darling," he said, in distress, "what is the matter?"

"A dream!" she gasped. "I have had such a horrible dream."

Her husband begged her to tell it to him, in order that he might comfort her. After long persuasion she was induced to say this:

"I thought I was walking down Broadway, and I came to a warehouse, where there was a large placard, 'Husbands for sale.' You could get beautiful ones for fifteen hundred dollars, or even for twelve hundred dollars, and very nice-looking ones for as low as a hundred."

The husband asked, innocently, "Did you see any that looked like me?"

The sobs became strangling. "Dozens of them," gasped the wife, "done up in bunches, like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."—*Harper's Magazine*.

THE EGOTISM OF GENIUS.

Richard Mansfield's just appreciation of his own talents is sometimes rather forcibly impressed upon his fellow-actors. At the production of a recent play Mansfield was personally superintending the rehearsals. The leading woman had a difficult part which she did not do to the star actor's satisfaction. His voice came ominously from the darkness of the wing, "Miss K—, go over that part again." The actress repeated her lines.

"Again," relentlessly said Mansfield. Once more the actress nervously went through her part.

Then a firm stride was heard and Mr. Mansfield stood in the center of the stage, hands clasped, eyes upturned, his voice booming in deep chest tones:

"Good heavens, would there had been given to this woman a little of the intelligence that was so bountifully bestowed upon me!"—*Woman's Home Companion*.

DISAGREEABLE.

"Why do you prefer professional singers and elocutionists to amateurs?"

"Because," answered the disagreeable person, "professionals never take you unawares."—*Washington Star*.

"HULLO, old chap! Haven't seen you for an age. Where have you been?"

"Away in the country, electioneering."

"Making speeches?"

"Yes, I was frequently called on to respond."

"What did you mostly say?"

"Thank you. I don't mind if I do."

—*Sporting Times*.

LIFE is published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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IF IN HASTE TAKE THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

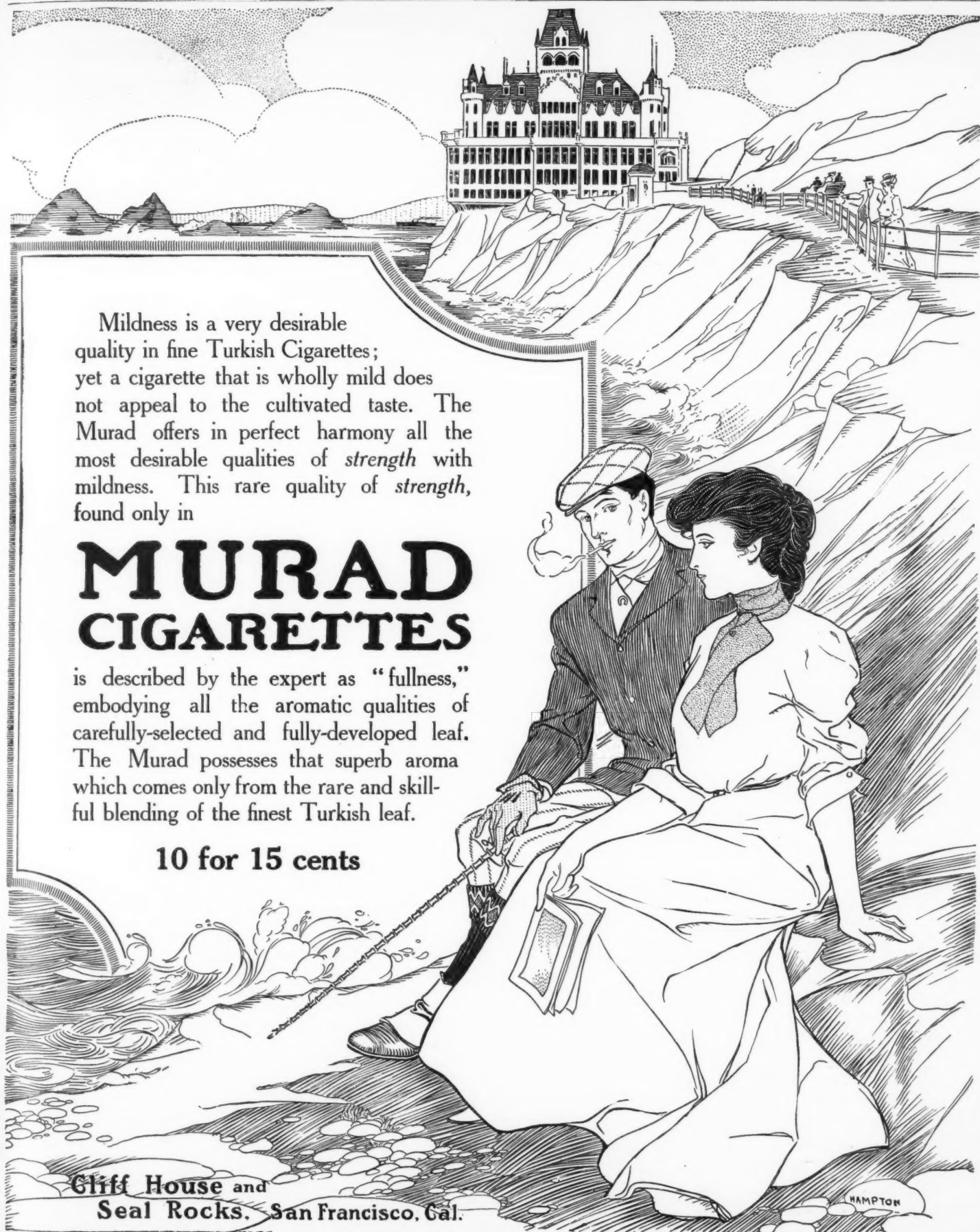
Mildness is a very desirable quality in fine Turkish Cigarettes; yet a cigarette that is wholly mild does not appeal to the cultivated taste. The Murad offers in perfect harmony all the most desirable qualities of *strength* with mildness. This rare quality of *strength*, found only in

MURAD CIGARETTES

is described by the expert as "fullness," embodying all the aromatic qualities of carefully-selected and fully-developed leaf. The Murad possesses that superb aroma which comes only from the rare and skillful blending of the finest Turkish leaf.

10 for 15 cents

Cliff House and Seal Rocks, San Francisco, Cal.



HAMPTON



THE OLD WATCHMAKER'S EPITAPH.

Franklin's epitaph, comparing himself to an old book, is known to all readers of his biography. There is a less famous epitaph of a New Hampshire watchmaker, who died in the town of Newport in 1822, in which he is compared to a watch that had run down.

"Here lies"—the inscription runs—"in horizontal position, the outside case of George Ritter, whose abiding place in that line was an honor to his profession. Integrity was his mainspring, and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life.

"Humane, generous, liberal, his hand never stopped till he had relieved distress. He never went wrong, except when set a-going by people who did not know his key. Even then he was easily set right again.

"He had the art of dispensing of his time so well that his hours glided by in one continual round of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky minute put an end to his existence.

"He departed this life Sept. 11, 1822. His case rests and moulders and decays beneath the sod, but his good works will never die."—*Youth's Companion*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

A JUDICIAL PRIVILEGE.

In a Southern court one day, says a well-known attorney, one of the counsel paused in his argument, remarking to the judge:

"I observe that your honor shakes his head at that statement. I desire to reaffirm it, although your honor dissents."

"I am not aware," coldly responded the judge, "that I have intimated how I shall construe the evidence, nor what my decision will be in the premises. Your remark is, therefore, entirely uncalled for."

"Your honor shook his head."

"True," said the judge; "there was a fly on my ear. And I'll have you know, sir, that I reserve the right to remove a fly in whatever manner pleases me."—*Harper's Weekly*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

A MOTHER'S RETORT.

Dr. Breckenridge, a well-known American clergyman, and his two brothers, also of the same profession, one day paid a visit to their mother.

"Do you not think, mother," said he, "that you ruled with too rigid a rod in our boyhood? It would have been better, think, had you used gentler methods."

The old lady straightened up and said, "Well, William, when you have raised up three as good preachers as I have, then you can talk!"—*Exchange*.

A STORY is told of a man who, crossing a disused coal field late at night, fell into an apparently bottomless pit and saved himself only by grasping a projecting beam. There he clung with great difficulty all night, only to find when day dawned that his feet were only four inches from the bottom.—*New York Tribune*.

AFTER HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

"Do you think all the critics will roast me in the morning?"

"No. Some of them weren't there."—*Chicago Saturday Evening Herald*.

MISS ROOSEVELT's wedding was quite private. There were 1,000 guests.—*Sporting Times*.

It is conceded that YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE is most nourishing and refreshing.—*Adv.*

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"To contentment!
May we never murmur without a cause
and never have cause to murmur."

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
WHITE, BENTZ & CO.
Phila. and New York

ESTABLISHED
1793

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

Revised Maxim.

"THE darkest hour," remarks a lady philosopher, "is just before the peroxide begins to take effect."—*Pittsburg Post*.

WIFE: When I die, you'll never find another woman like me.

HUBBY: What makes you think I should try to find another woman like you?—*Sporting Times*.



"I'M GLAD I CAUGHT THIS TRAIN!"

Both Sides of this Underwear Question

We take Linen against "the field." So do the Doctors. But the first claim for Linen is that it feels so clean, cool and dry. Its firm, glossy fibers stand apart as woven, the air circulates freely through its meshes and you never feel "sticky" in Linen Underwear.

Cotton and wool hug the form, "mat" and "pack"—get perspiration soaked, cannot dry out quickly and you feel sticky and uncomfortable.

But worst of all you are encased in clammy dampness—the pores are choked, stop work and you catch cold because your busy little pores are not allowed to regulate the temperature of the body as nature intended they should.

That's why your Doctor says "Linen next the skin"—the pleasantest prescription he could give and a cold preventive as well.

And when he says

Kneipp
Wear-Guarantee

The manufacturer's strong wear-guarantee stands behind every garment. If it does not wear satisfactorily your dealer will replace it on his judgment without consulting us—or we will if you deal direct with us. Our sweeping wear-guarantee protects both our dealers and the wearer.

contain cotton—a statement we would not dare make could we not prove it.

Kneipp Linen is pure unmixed Irish Linen and nothing but linen.

That's why it's the cleanest, coolest, dryest feeling underwear you can glory in.

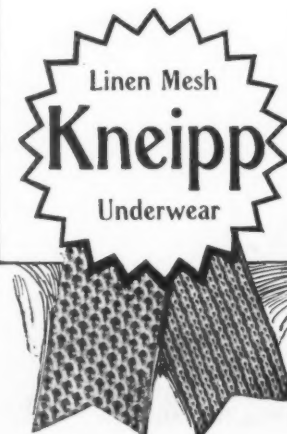
And its loose, comfortable fit and "open weave" next the skin give the pores absolute freedom, while its closer woven "outside" protects the body against sudden changes of temperature.

The streamers of the seal show a strip of Kneipp Linen Mesh folded so you can see both sides—but we will send samples of our several weaves and weights on request—free—so write for them today.

Sent For Free Inspection

The best dealers everywhere sell Kneipp Linen Mesh Underwear for Men, Women and Children. On request we will send samples of the different weights and meshes and give you the names of our dealers in your town. If we have no dealer near you we will send Kneipp Underwear direct to you for free inspection. Write today for free Linen Book. It tells the simple proved truth about Linen for Comfort and Health.

C. COMMICHAU & CO., Ltd.,
90 Franklin Street New York City



Tale of Love—and Two Fools.

ONCE upon a time, Henry, a young woman and young man fell deeply in love with each other. He fell in love with her because she was the Sweetest Thing. Her lips were like twin rubies, but softer; her cheeks were like blush roses and her hair was like Roman gold; that is, when it was roamin', but generally she kept it done up. Oh, she was a peach! and I should blame no man who possessed no sabbie in particular for falling in love with her.

The young woman fell in love with the young man because he was—he was—I'm blessed if I know why she did fall in love with him, Henry, for he was about as knock-kneed, wobble-legged, low-browed, sick-brained an apology for nothing in particular as ever I ran across, and I have met several of the species.

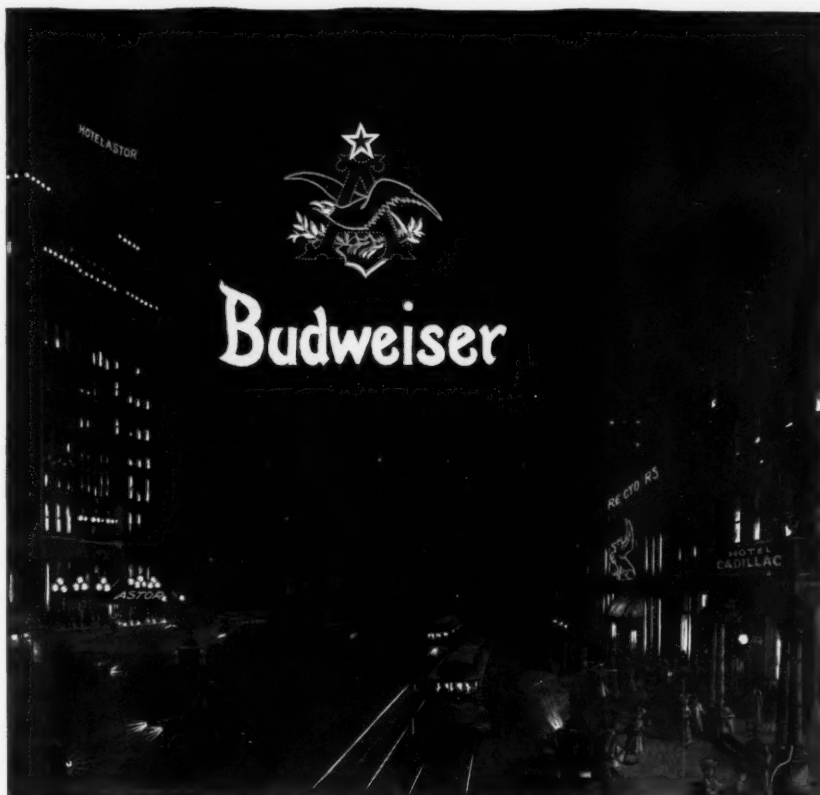
Anyway, they loved each other, and so they concluded to hitch up and trot double. Accordingly they went to a parson who gave them a double-trotting license and expressed a hope that what God had joined together no man would put asunder, although he had his own suspicions.

Thus were this charming pair united, and he soon discovered that she could neither sew, cook, keep house nor do anything useful, while she discovered that he was not worth the powder to blow him. Oh, I tell you, it was painful, Henry, and after this mutual discovery you should have seen the fur fly! If they had saved the fur instead of throwing it around she might have been the envy of all the ladies in her circle. It is sad to see good fur wasted in such a reckless manner.

It grieves me, Henry, to be compelled to record that this pair now have secured a divorce and each one of them at the present time is engaged in the delightful enterprise of trying to find another fool who will be willing to take chances on trotting with him, or her—and may the Lord be merciful to such an individual, if found!

I realize, Henry, that this is not the sort of love story that generally gets into books, but, on the contrary, it is the variety that gets into life all too frequently. So I guess we may as well have the moral of the pathetic tale.

Moral: When fools hitch, anything may be expected—sometimes they even manage to get along together very nicely.—*San Francisco Call.*



The Anheuser-Busch Electric Sign Longacre Square, New York City

Budweiser

The King of Bottled Beers

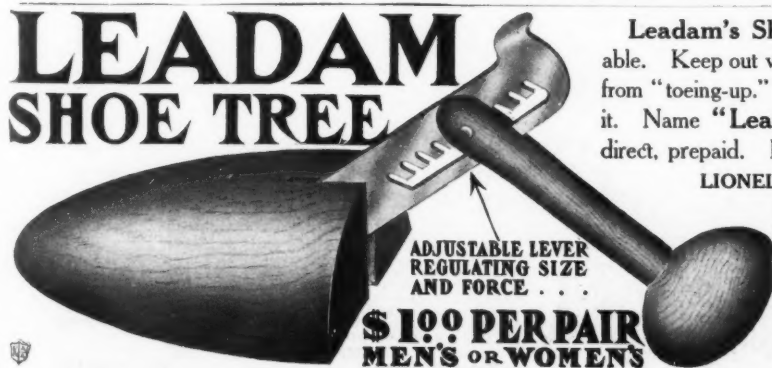
is served at all the Best Hotels, Restaurants and Cafes in every civilized country.

It is famed among epicures for its delicious flavor, exquisite taste and mellowness. Because of its Quality and Palatability, **Budweiser**, although highest in price, has a greater sale than all other Bottled Beers.

Bottled only at the Home Plant.

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n St. Louis, U. S. A.

LEADAM SHOE TREE



Leadam's Shoe Trees keep the footwear smooth, shapely and comfortable. Keep out wrinkles—hard ridges—and flatten the sole. Save wet shoes from "toeing-up." Remember this picture—don't accept a tree that isn't just like it. Name "Leadam," on every pair. At your shoe dealers'; if not, send direct, prepaid. Descriptive booklet free.

LIONEL K. LEADAM, 229 Central Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Sold in New York—at

J. & J. Slater
Stern Bros.
Hanan & Son
B. Altman
Saks & Co.

Frank Bros.
Rogers, Peet & Co.
A. Alexander
R. H. Macy & Co.
N. A. Paul & Co.

Cammeyer
Wm. McClenahan & Co.
H. Jantzen
L. Rosenthal & Son
and others

In Philadelphia: H. Steigerwalt and others
In Boston: H. H. Tuttle & Co. and others

In Washington: B. Rich & Sons
In St. Louis: Swope Shoe Co.

In Chicago: Foster Reeves Shoe Co.
In Baltimore: N. Hess' Sons, Inc.
In Palm Beach: Anthony Bros.

"You leave it to me. I think I may have such a man in sight after all."

He rose hastily, got his overcoat, which Gerster helped him on with, and nodding good-bye, left his office.

In twenty minutes he was walking up the steps of his own house.

His daughter Kitty was just going out.

"Wait a minute, dearie," he said as he opened the door into the library. "I want to see you."

"Yes, papa dear. I hope it's something good."

Kinglake was business to the core. He came to the point at once.

"What's the name of that young chap," he asked, "who's been hanging around here lately?"

"That's rather vague, papa dear."

Kitty's white teeth gleamed.

"There have been more than one, you know."

"I mean that young fellow I told not to come any more."

Kitty sighed.

"Oh! Mr. Vanton. Burt Vanton."

"He's a reporter on the *Globe*, isn't he?"

"He was, papa, but he's been promoted, you know. They've made him city editor."

"Is he a college man?"

"Oh, yes! And he comes from a lovely family, papa. He's really very nice."

"How much salary does he get?"

"I think—"

"Don't you know? He has been pretty busy with you. You ought to know."

"Well, he did get \$20 a week, but now I believe he gets \$25. That's why you didn't want him to see me—don't you remember? You said if he owned the whole paper he couldn't make enough to support me."

"Well, I was right. These young chaps fall in love, and expect to be kept all the rest of their lives."

"But, papa, he's not that kind."

"You like him, don't you?"

Kitty blushed.

"He's an awfully nice fellow, papa, really."

"Do you like anybody else better?"

"N-No!"

"I thought so. I thought I'd sized you two up pretty well. Is he smart?"

"Oh, yes, papa. Of course he is. He's—fine! And he writes the loveliest poetry."

"M-m. Is it snappy?"

"Snappy?"

"Yes—short—terse—full of points—catchy phrases?"

Kitty laughed.

"Well, papa. I never thought of it in that way before. Of course, it's perfectly lovely. It isn't very short, but it's splendidly written. You know he writes awfully well. I have a scrap-book of some of his things. Papa, what do you mean? Why are you suddenly so much interested in Burt Vanton?"

"Never you mind. You tell him I want to see him. Ring him up and ask him if he can meet me at my office in an hour—and don't ask any more questions."

In a few moments Kitty returned from the telephone.

"He says he is awfully busy, papa. But I told him he must come, and he said he would be there."

"Good! Now, dearie, run along and leave the whole matter to me. You'll know if anything comes of it."

He kissed her affectionately and in a few moments was on his way back.

At the office he summoned a clerk.

"Send over to the dairy and get me a small bottle of cream—also some powdered sugar. Also, ask Mr. Gerster to step in."

Gerster was closeted with Kinglake for the next half-hour. Then he went back to his own province and Vanton came in—on time to the minute.

He was tall and straightforward-looking, athletic in build, with large eyes and handsome features.

"Young man, sit down. Glad to see you. When did you have your luncheon?"

Vanton looked surprised.

"I had a sandwich at noon," he said. "I'm so busy during the middle of the day that I don't have time to eat much else."

"Very well, sir. You must be hungry. Try some of this."

Kinglake poured out a saucer of his new health food from a neat package and pushed over the bottle of cream and the powdered sugar.

"Tell me what you think of that," he said.

Vanton hesitated. Then, without a word, he arranged his dish.

"I knew," he said afterwards to Kitty, "that he had his reasons. I suspected at once that he had made an important discovery."

Pouring sugar and cream over the flaky substance, he tasted it carefully—then, without a word, he finished the portion.

"Well," said Kinglake, "what do you think of it?"

"Pretty good. Something new?"

"Yes. I believe you hinted to me some time ago that you might want to marry my daughter—that is, when you were able to—and I turned you down."

"Yes, sir. You turned me down all right."

"Well, now I have a proposition. I'm a man of few words, and here's the gist of it: This food you have just tasted is the newest thing out. It contains every element needed to make a perfect human being. It's chock full of phosphorus, and carbohydrates and protein, and I couldn't tell you what. It's the greatest thing that ever happened. I've got a hundred thousand dollars to spend on it, in order to place it on the market, and I want the right man to do it. If I gave it to the ordinary agent he would do the cut and dried thing, which is just what wouldn't do. I want a man with enthusiasm, with literary ability and with a big stake ahead of him. I'm willing to give you a chance. I'll give you twelve hundred dollars a year—just what you're getting now, and I'll pay your expenses and let you place that hundred thousand according to your own judgment."

"And you expect me to put this thing on a paying basis?"

"Yes."

"If I don't succeed?"

"You can't marry my daughter, and you don't get a cent."

"If I do?"

"You can have Kitty, and I'll give you a half interest."

Vanton reached over, took a handful of the new health food and spread it out on his hands.

"Is it pure?" he asked.

"Pure as the driven snow, of course. Contains all the elements. I'll have my superintendent give you a list of things in it—every one of 'em indispensable to the human body. You write poetry, don't you?"

"How did you know, sir?"

"Well, Kitty mentioned it. Can you turn around some of the things you've been dashing off to her into short, snappy rhymes about this food? Boil 'em down, and put some catchy wind-ups to 'em. Leave in the sentiment. People like sentiment. You can do it."

Vanton smiled. He thought of the one he loved.

"Well," he said, diplomatically, "if I can't do that, I can turn off something else. Mr. Kinglake, I'm ready to accept your offer on one condition: that I can see Kitty. You know," he added, with a smile, "I'll need some inspiration."

"Certainly! It's a go then. I'll have an agreement made out."

"All right, sir. In the meantime, I want you to send me a barrel of this stuff."

Kinglake looked up surprised.

"What for?" he demanded.

"Why, I'll need it, won't I? I've got a hard job ahead of me, and I guess I'll need all the stimulus I can get. If this new food contains so much that's nourishing, why, I'd better use it myself. Besides, my experience with it will be a great help when I am actually demonstrating what it is doing for me. I will naturally have more enthusiasm."

"Of course—of course. Um! But you understand that it's highly concentrated. Perhaps you'd better not over-train. I wouldn't eat too much of it."

"Certainly, I'll be careful."

After his interview with her father, Vanton could scarcely wait to see Kitty. His enthusiasm grew with every moment.

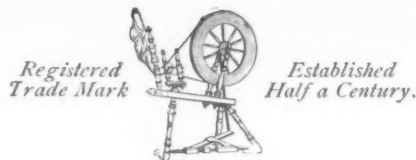
(Continued on second page following.)



“ONYX” SILK HOSIERY

for Eastertide; a profusion of designs in floral embroideries, wherein Art fairly rivals Nature. Dainty conceptions in the most exquisite handiwork of VIOLETS, ROSES, DAISIES, FORGET-ME-NOTS, WISTARIA BLOSSOMS, also conventional patterns in great variety, in every fashionable shade for the accurate matching of all gowns, or footwear.

Lord & Taylor Wholesale Distributors *New York*



THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.

This is the title of a dainty Booklet which we have just issued, in which is discussed this most interesting subject. It illustrates a variety of Housekeeping Linens, Ladies' Underwear and Pansy Corsets, besides giving detailed estimates of Trousseaux costing from \$100 to \$2,500.

We shall be glad to mail this to any one interested free of charge on request.

"The Linen Store"

James McCutcheon & Co.

14 West 23d Street, New York.

Not in all
the world
a drink like
Hiawatha
Sparkling Natural
Lithia



Holds the
World's Highest
Awards

Drink a glass of *Sparkling Hiawatha* first thing in the morning. It will give you vim—life—zest for the day. The habit of drinking *Sparkling Hiawatha* is the best habit you can form. Bottled at the spring in hygienic purity.

Hiawatha Spring Company
Illustrated booklet, facts about this World's best sparkling water, sent free. Write

LOUIS M. PARK COMPANY

Distributors, Minneapolis New York Chicago St. Paul Duluth

"You see, dear," he said, "just how it is. Practically unlimited capital to put on the market the greatest, most nourishing health food ever devised by a chemical genius. I have the whole campaign planned already. Spunk! How's that for a name?"

Don't flunk.
Use SPUNK!

See how easy it is. Do you want to feel Spunk-y all the time? Then use Spunk. Use Spunk for tired nerves, for weary muscles. Tones up the system. Keeps you going!"

Kitty smiled at his enthusiasm.

"It's certainly fine, dear," she said. "Now you must work hard, and don't let me interfere too much. Remember that papa will be watching you, and that he is quite strict in his business ideas."

"That's what I like about it," said Vanton. "You see the advantage we possess! We have such a good thing."

Two weeks later, Vanton had his campaign well under way. He made a trip to the metropolis and formed connections with several agents and secured the services of a number of artists to carry out his ideas, which now came thick and fast. His editorial experience and the training he had received in writing up local happenings in a crisp manner, and his talent for turning off verses, were all invaluable. His Spunk series, which depicted the wonderful rise of an entire family of invalids to a state of vigorous health—all through the sole use of Spunk—was a wonderful success, and his terse characterization of the wonderful properties of Spunk, was read and laughed at, and believed in by that most docile animal—when stroked the right way, namely, the great American public.

"Nothing is too absurd to be believed in," said Kinglake, "if it is picturesquely presented. And the fact that my young friend himself believes in Spunk is half the battle."

In six weeks orders for Spunk began to arrive. In two months they were steadily increasing. In three months, the Kinglake Mill was running to its full capacity; and at the end of six months it was necessary to double the force of men and to put in a new set of baking ovens.

Vanton's duties had kept him so busy that Kitty had taken the opportunity to pay nearly a month's visit to an old school friend. On the afternoon of her return she was sitting in her window, when a hack drove up to the door, and a man got out and walked slowly up the front steps. He had a slight stoop. His face was pale. His walk was decidedly feeble.

At first Kitty did not recognize him. Then she gave a scream. Could this be her athletic lover?

She hurried downstairs and threw her arms around him.

"Why, dear," she said, "what can be the matter? You look dreadfully. Have you been ill? Why didn't you let me know?"

Vanton smiled feebly.

"I couldn't, dearest," he said. "I didn't know the worst myself until a day ago. Prepare yourself for a terrible blow. Our hopes are blasted. We must part forever!"

"Impossible! What can you mean? Tell me all at once."

Vanton sank back into a chair. It was evident he was completely unnerved.

"I went into this thing," he said, "with an absolute conviction in your father's probity. He told me that Spunk was the greatest thing in the world, and it was because I implicitly believed him that I was able to do so well with it. Other foods may have been and are adulterated, but I defied the world to prove that Spunk wasn't all right. This was the secret of my success. And as I believed in it, I took it myself. I lived on nothing but Spunk for weeks. Well, dear, after a while, I found that instead of growing stronger, I was beginning to lose in tone and resilience. I attributed this to the increased work, and I took more Spunk. But instead of producing the desired effect, it seemed to make me weaker. Then a horrible suspicion forced itself upon me. Was Spunk really what I thought it was? At last, yielding to my impulse, I took the contents of a package to a chemical laboratory and had it analyzed. My suspicions were confirmed. No protein, no phosphorus, no carbohydrates. Nothing but marble dust, glucose and the waste product of wheat—no nourishment at all. Instead of Spunk, it was more like Punk. And here I had been lauding to the skies one of the

worst frauds ever perpetrated upon the public, besides undermining my own constitution. Your father has basely deceived me."

He buried his face in his hands.

"How can I ever," he exclaimed, "recover my reputation—to say nothing of my health."

Kitty sprang to her feet.

"I don't believe it," she said. "I think it must be a cruel, horrible mistake. I don't believe papa knew anything about it. Have you seen him and asked for an explanation?"

"No; I only made the discovery yesterday, and I was too much overcome—"

"Well, let us get into your carriage and see him at once."

She led him out to the carriage. In a few moments they were both seated in Kinglake's office. The vigorous old man presented a strong contrast to Vanton—now so shrunken.

Kinglake spoke first.

"Well, my boy, you've been doing a great work! If the orders keep up, in six months more we will get back the money you've spent in advertising Spunk, and then the profits will begin. But I'm afraid you've been overdoing yourself. You don't look well—you must let up."

"My intention is to let up for good and all," said Vanton. "It's all over for me. No more Spunk for mine."

"Why, what's the trouble?"

"The trouble, papa dear," said Kitty, "is simply this: We have all been deceived. We thought Spunk was pure. But it isn't. That horrible superintendent of yours has given you a wrong impression. Perhaps he has been making something out of it himself. At any rate, Mr. Vanton has been living on Spunk, just because he firmly believed in it. And now look at him! Yesterday, he discovered by analysis that it isn't what he thought it was. It is nothing—he says so—but punk. Think of it, papa dear! Isn't it terrible?"

She laid her hand appealingly on her father's arm.

"You didn't know, did you, papa dear?" she asked.

Kinglake, to gain time, looked from one to the other. His keen business sense, however, was not slow to come to his rescue.

"Know!" he exclaimed dramatically. "I should say I didn't know. Why, I thought Spunk was the greatest thing on earth. We certainly have been deceived. Well, well, we'll look into it. We'll find out what's wrong!"

"I told you!" said Kitty triumphantly to Vanton, "that papa didn't know. He has been as much deceived as the rest of us."

"Well," said Vanton, gloomily, "that doesn't help matters. Spunk is a dead one now, so far as I'm concerned. Don't you see this is the end?"

Kinglake went over and put his hand caressingly on Vanton's shoulder.

"My dear boy," he said quietly, "you are nervous. Now don't despair. You can keep this thing up a little while longer, can't you? Until we find out just what's the matter with Spunk, and make it right? You see, now is the critical time."

"No, I can't," said Vanton, sullenly. "I've been living a lie for months without knowing it. I can't do it any more. Why, when I began my watchword was

Don't flunk.

Use SPUNK!

And now all I can think of is

Use Spunk

And flunk!

You see how it is. It's a matter of common honesty—and sincerity—these two virtues must always be at the bottom of every business success."

"You're right," Kinglake replied. "But we've got too good a property to lose. Spunk now stands for honesty and sincerity. You have made it so. Now, if it isn't what it ought to be, it's only a question of time when it will be found out. You can't fool all the public all the time. We must make Spunk what it should be—what you have said it was. If this is done, will you go on?"

Vanton nodded.

"Of course I will," he said; "only there must be no doubt about it.

(Concluded on following page.)

UNIFORMS AND LIVERIES

Equipment for Chauffeurs

Your automobile is not complete without the proper dress for the chauffeur.

Designing and manufacturing of UNIFORMS and LIVERIES is a special branch of our business.

It provides complete livery appointments, and uniforms for Coachmen, Footmen, Chauffeurs and House Servants; also Riding Breeches, Servants' Club and Hotel Uniforms.

We number among our clientele the most exclusive families, as well as the largest Apartment Houses and Hotels in this and other cities. The continued patronage of these particular people is the best evidence of their satisfaction in the service we offer.

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Glycerine Soap



The Secret of a Healthy and Beautiful Skin
 A perfect complexion is assured to all who use this Soap. Its transparency is a sign of its purity.

FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne o/R, Germany
 MÜLHENS & KROPPF, 298 Broadway, New York
 Send 15 cents in stamps for a full size sample cake

President Hadley of Yale University Recently Said:

"If a man's purposes and ideals are such that he is seeking to attain them for himself at the expense of his fellow men, they are pagan ideals . . .

"If his ideals are such that each step toward their realization means the advancement of those about him, his purposes are Christian."

Write Now While You Think of it.

The Prudential

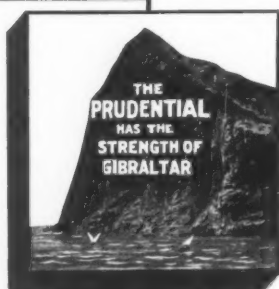
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

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The protection of the home is one of the first steps toward the realization of an ideal life.

And Life Insurance provides such protection better than anything that human ability and foresight have ever yet devised.

Write your name, and address on the margin of this advertisement and send for a plan of home protection and saving that will interest you.

And every package of Spunk, as it now is, must be recalled. If I felt that there was a single mouthful of that reprehensible stuff anywhere, I couldn't do myself justice!"

Kinglake smiled sympathetically.

"I understand perfectly," he said. "Now you rely on me. Let me investigate this thing, find out where the trouble lies, and make it all right. In the meantime, you go home, stop taking Spunk, eat a few square meals and rest up."

Kinglake could scarcely wait for them to go before he sent for Gerster, his superintendent.

"Look here, Gerster!" he demanded, as soon as that marble-dusted functionary had entered, "there's got to be a radical change in Spunk."

"How so, sir?"

"Well, I notice in the papers lately there has been considerable agitation against adulterated foods, and some sort of an investigation is likely to be undertaken. Then again, this young man who has been pushing it has done so because he really believed in it. But unfortunately, he tried it on himself, and has been undeceived. Consequently his usefulness has been greatly impaired—and he's a necessity to our success. Now, Gerster, what can you do? Can't you make Spunk a real food without changing its taste or appearance?—make it absolutely pure and above reproach?"

Gerster thought.

"Maybe I can," he said. "Only it will cost twice or three times as much to produce."

"Never mind. It's got to be done. We can still make money."

Gerster was gone two days. Then one afternoon, he burst unceremoniously into Kinglake's office.

"Here it is!" he cried. "You can't tell 'em apart. But this is the real thing. Why, I'd eat it myself. Chock full of nourishment."

"Good!" exclaimed Kinglake, calmly. "I knew you could do it. Now telegraph every customer we have to return his stock and send him a fresh supply of the real Spunk. And while you are about it, deliver a barrel to Mr. Vanton, with my compliments. It will put new life into him."

It was one month later, when one morning as Kitty and her father were just finishing their breakfast together that the bell rang, and Vanton appeared. His step was light and springy. The ruddy glow of health was rapidly returning to his cheek.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed as he waved a paper in his hand. "I just got this from the *Globe* office. We've won!"

"What is it?" cried Kitty.

Vanton spread out the telegram.

"Why, you know that recently the Pure Food Law went into effect!" he exclaimed. "Well, the government experts bought samples of all the foods they could find, and here's the report telegraphed on to the *Globe*. It is in effect that every one of the foods examined was adulterated except Spunk! See what this means. I'll have a fac-simile of this dispatch in every paper in the country in three days. Our fortune is made!"

"And to think," said Kitty, "that foxy old superintendent might have ruined us if papa hadn't stopped him."

Kinglake rose solemnly and, going to where they sat, put his fatherly hand on their respective heads.

"My children," he said, "this proves what I have always maintained—that after all, honesty is the best policy."

Not Very Logical.

POULTNEY BIGELOW was arguing with a New York man about the Panama Canal.

"You are not very logical," Mr. Bigelow said at length. "Indeed, you are as illogical as an old man I used to know in Berlin."

"This old man, umbrella in hand, set out one morning on a shopping trip. He visited the shoemaker's for shoes, the hatter's for a hat, the grocer's for groceries, and so on, and when he got back home in the evening he found that he had left his umbrella behind him somewhere."

"Accordingly, the next morning, the old man set out again in quest of the lost umbrella. He was unlucky at first. The seventh shop he visited was the one wherein his umbrella turned up."

"Well," he said, after thanking the shopman, as he started out, with the recovered umbrella under his arm, 'I must say you are more honest here than they are at those other shops.'"—*New York Tribune*.

An Inspiration to Sociability



"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

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Rye Whiskey

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia

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Grand Hotel St. Moritz

Engadine, Switzerland, 6000 Feet Above Sea



THE HOTEL DE LUXE OF THE ALPS

Delightful Summer and Winter Seasons

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AMERICAN OFFICE, PERCY W. DAVIS, Manager

1414-79 Dearborn Street, Chicago

Real Scotch

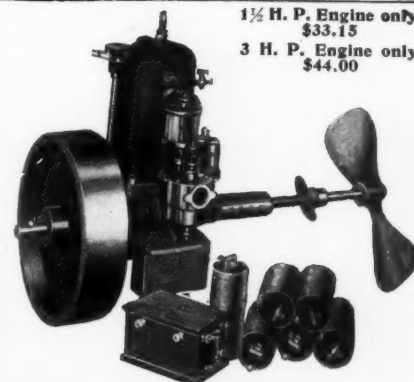
Are you *sure* that the Scotch you drink is pure — *real*? Think it over.

SANDERSON'S

"Mountain Dew" Scotch is made from carefully selected highland malt. Distilled slowly in a pot still.

Try Sanderson's Mountain Dew and get the

REAL SCOTCH FLAVOR



1½ H. P. Engine only \$33.15
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NEW MODEL 1906

The uncertainty of running is all taken out in the building. The breakdown habit has been overcome, by following scientific lines of construction proven by practice to be correct.

We take no chances and allow no guesswork to enter into their make up.

All materials are tested for soundness and strength on a testing machine and the engines warranted to do all we claim for them. We are making 10,000 Auto-Marine Gasoline Engines this year, manufacturing the motor complete from foundry to finished engine, not merely assembling parts made in various factories, and that is why we are able to sell a first-class motor with a guarantee at

1½ H. P. \$33.15 Engine Only
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THE BOURSE PHILADELPHIA

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Lea & Perrins' Sauce
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Found in every well equipped pantry. The bottle has been copied by many, but the Sauce has never been equalled

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

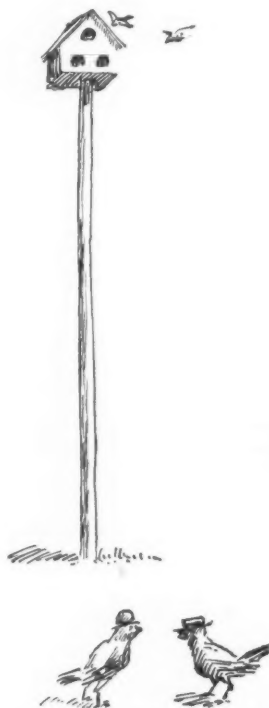
R For Health and
Long Life
Live outdoors
Follow Nature's laws
Don't worry
Eat healthful food
Drink Evans' Ale
Good Advice: M. D.

It Was.

"IS this oleo or butter?" queried the diner at the cheap restaurant.
"Yes, sir," replied the tough waiter, sticking out his chin and looking pugnacious, and the diner dropped the subject.—*Houston Post*.

LADY (staunch teetotaler): Oh, please, would you mind fetching my little dog, Fido, out of that public house?
OBLIGING OSTLER: Yes, Mum. Certainly, Mum. Which bar was you in?—*The Sketch*.

OF the five senses, common-sense and a sense of humor are the rarest.—*Saturday Evening Post*.



"WHAT HAS BECOME OF OUR FRIEND, SPARROW?"
"OH, HE IS MARRIED AND HAS AN APARTMENT IN THE SKY-SCRAFER OVER THERE."

His Orders.

"SEE here, you!" cried the cranky diner, who had been making numerous complaints, "no matter what I say to you it doesn't seem to stir you up at all."
"No, sah," replied the waiter. "De boss tell me whenbah a gem'man talk laik dat jes' to humor him."—*Philadelphia Press*.

LITTLE Tommy was very quiet during the first courses, and everyone forgot he was there. As the dessert was being served, however, the host told a funny story.
When he had finished, and the laughter had died away, his little son exclaimed, delightedly, "Now, papa, tell the other one."—*Exchange*.

"A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS"



863 BROADWAY, 508 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK.
22 OTHER RETAIL STORES.

CANDIES SENT EVERYWHERE
BY MAIL OR EXPRESS.



Would you have
Fine Teeth?
Take proper precautions to prevent early decay
USE

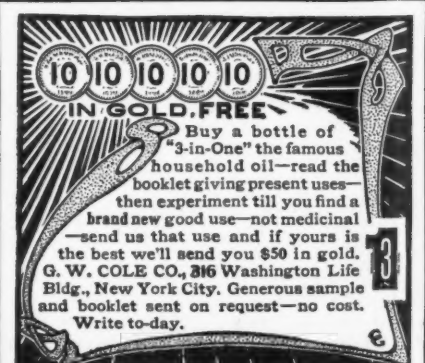
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Tours Around the World: Annual Oriental Cruise Feb. 8.
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10 IN GOLD FREE
Buy a bottle of "3-in-One" the famous household oil—read the booklet giving present uses—then experiment till you find a brand new good use—not medicinal—send us that use and if yours is the best we'll send you \$50 in gold.
G. W. COLE CO., 316 Washington Life Bldg., New York City. Generous sample and booklet sent on request—no cost. Write to-day.

She Also Had a Pet.

WHEN the thin woman in the long gray ulster sat down in the subway car opposite the fat woman holding a bright little Scotch terrier it could be seen at once that they had points of common interest, and that those points of common interest consisted of dogs.

"What a dear little fellow he is," chirped the thin woman.

"Isn't he dear?" cooed the fat woman, smuggling her pet so closely that he had to sniff for breath.

"Mine is a French poodle," ventured the thin woman. "I hear those gray terriers are coming into style, though."

"Yes, they're all the rage," said the fat woman. "I had to give up fifty for Sandy."

A handsome young woman who occupied the seat by the thin woman was an interested listener to the colloquy. She was good-looking enough to attract attention anywhere, and she looked as if she loved everything that was worth loving in this world, including dogs. She leaned over and gave Sandy's head an affectionate pat, and Sandy tried to lick her gloved hand.

"You love dogs, too?" said the fat woman. "Oh, yes"; was the reply, "who could help it?"

"What kind is yours?" came the eager query. "Mine? Oh, I haven't any. Mine is a baby."

And the fat woman and the thin woman raised their brows, turned up their noses and grew coldly silent, just as if some one had said something to shock their sense of modesty.—*New York Press.*

Caught Napping.

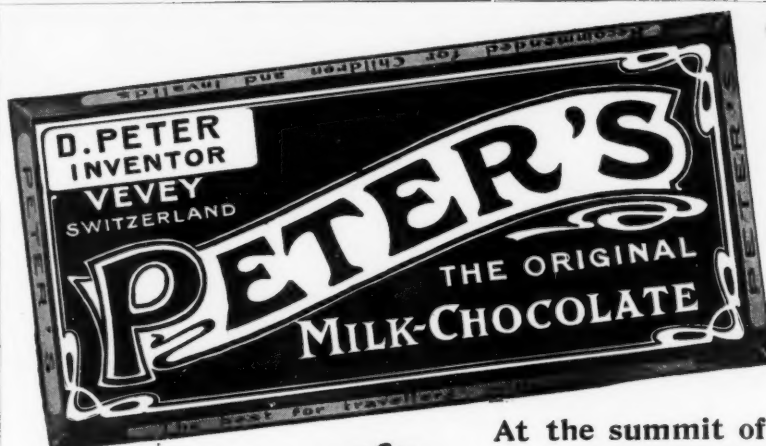
"IT pays sometimes to have the right kind of a lawyer," remarked W. T. Purdy, a well-known mining man of the Northwest, at the Palace Hotel. "I was a witness in a case a few weeks ago in Seattle in which a colored man was seeking damages for permanent injuries sustained in an accident to an elevator which he was running. The plaintiff claimed that he had been maimed for life, by being permanently deprived of the free use of his right arm. Although the accident had happened months before, his arm was still crippled, and he was unable to raise it above his waist. He explained all this with much feeling and earnestness during his direct examination. Then the attorney for the owner of the building took him in hand.

"Show us how high you can raise your arm," said the attorney.

"And the defendant feebly raised his arm a few inches.

"Now show us how high you could raise your arm before you were injured," pursued the attorney.

"And the defendant unhesitatingly and unthinkingly raised the crippled arm high above his head, thus knocking his damage claim skyward with one eloquent gesture."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*



"High
as
the Alps
in
Quality"

At the summit of excellence in
eating chocolate is

PETER'S

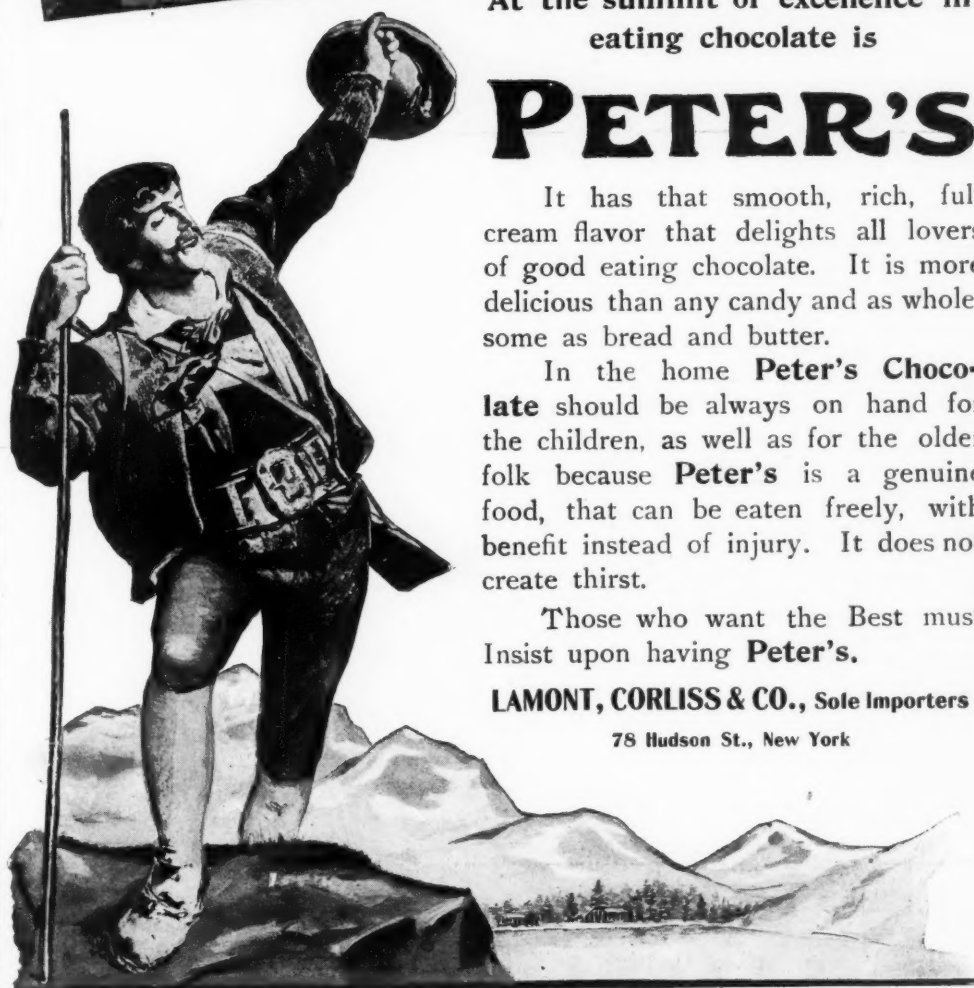
It has that smooth, rich, full cream flavor that delights all lovers of good eating chocolate. It is more delicious than any candy and as wholesome as bread and butter.

In the home **Peter's Chocolate** should be always on hand for the children, as well as for the older folk because **Peter's** is a genuine food, that can be eaten freely, with benefit instead of injury. It does not create thirst.

Those who want the Best must Insist upon having **Peter's**.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Importers

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WILL YOU TRY THE BATTLE CREEK LIFE FOR 30 DAYS?

Will You Eat the Foods and Live the Life Our Experts Recommend?

Do You Really Want to be *Perfectly Well*?

Tell us then if you are ailing, or if in good health that you wish to remain so.

Let us send you our book. It is very interesting. The life it recommends you can live in your own home. You ought to read about it.

Nowhere else are so many specialists studying this one thing alone—how to get well and how to stay well. No organization anywhere has been so successful. None other is so near the truth. And the basis of all this is right food—right living—keeping the stomach right.

All this we explain in our book. Explain clearly—logically—interestingly, so that you may understand. Isn't it worth the mere effort of writing us simply to know? Won't you ask for our book to-day? Address **The Battle Creek Sanitarium Co., Ltd., Dept. A. 191, Battle Creek, Michigan.**



Next to the designing the boning of a corset is most important—the quality of whalebone that bones Redfern Models is selected from the Arctic whale—the strongest and most “springy” whalebone there is.

The designing, the boning and the finish of a Redfern unite in creating a *beautiful* corset and one that is perfectly adapted to the season's dress requirement.

Redfern Whalebone Corsets.

Sold at the Best Shops.

Three and One-Half to Fifteen Dollars per pair.

THE WARNER BROTHERS CO.

A PERFECT SCOTCH WHISKY

Sleeping thro' the years necessary for its awakening use.

Not a drop of D. & J. McCallum's “Perfection” is bottled until it has had at least 20 years of careful ageing, curing and mellowing, under most expert and scientific supervision.

That is why it was the *sole* favorite at all functions during the visit of the King and Queen to Edinburgh, May, 1903.

SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES

HOLLAND HOUSE, - NEW YORK

A Good Style

Here's a good collar for every-day wear—the Corliss-Coon “Rumford”—2 for 25c.

It comes close together at the top, but rounds off sharply, allowing wide space for the stylish large four-in-hand.

“Rumford” is an easy collar to put on, and the tie slips easily into place.

Corliss-Coon Collars are made to fit perfectly. They set well, bringing out their good lines of style.

These collars are expensively made—the Corliss-Coon way—but you get collars at two for a quarter that look unusually well, are comfortable and outwear others—no matter what you pay.

Ask your furnisher to show you Corliss-Coon Collars, or write at once for “Collar Kinks”—our book of new and leading styles. If your dealer does not willingly send for any style you like, we will supply you by mail direct from our factory on receipt of the price—3 for 25c.—\$1.50 per dozen. Write at once for “Collar Kinks” or send 25c. for two Rumford Collars and enjoy their perfect fit, good style and long wear.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. I. N.,

Troy, N. Y.

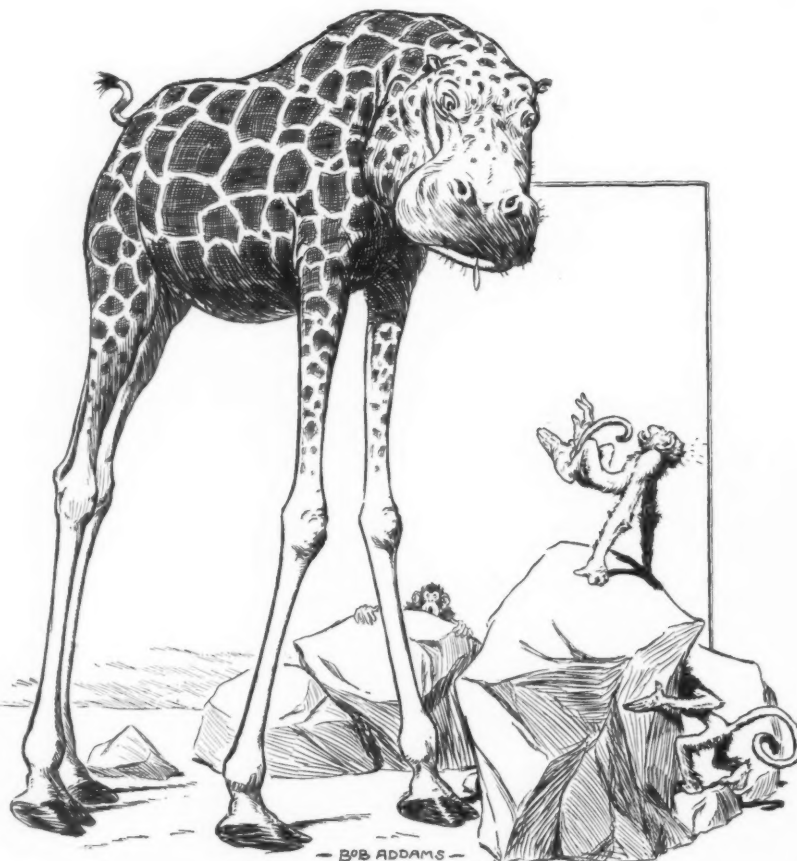


They Wear Longer
Here

Corliss-
Coon
Collars

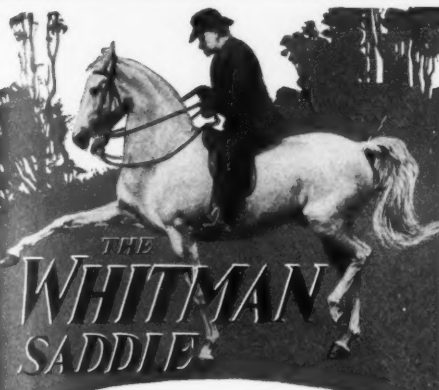
are 2 for 25c.

Folds are 4-
ply—always and in all styles. But, at the “plague spot,” where other collars go to pieces quickly, we cut away enough interlining (where the illustration is shaded) to let the collar fold without straining the fine surface material.



Monk: JUMPIN' SNAKES, WHO-ER-WHAT-IN—I MEAN ARE YOU A GIRAFFE OR A-ER-HIPPO?

“MA WAS ONE AND PA T’OTHER.”



THE WHITMAN SADDLE

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"WHEN Chief Justice Chase, a man of great abilities and marked characteristics, was presiding in one of the country courts of Vermont, an appeal case from a justice's court came up before him so small and contemptible in its origin that he ordered it stricken from the docket. The case was where

a turkey had trespassed upon the garden of a neighbor and got shot for its depredations. The owner brought suit to recover damages, and, failing before the justice, had appealed the case. Judge Chase was angry, and when he ordered the case from the docket said:

"The lawyer who consented to appeal this case ought to be thrown from the window of the court-room. Why didn't he have the case

referred to some of the honest neighbors for settlement?"

"Because, your honor," retorted the attorney, getting hot under the collar, "it was our intention not to let honest people have anything to do with it."

"True, this was a neat retort, but it cost the lawyer just an even \$50 for contempt of court."—*The Green Bag.*

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Still First in All Hearts.

TEACHERS and pupils of a high school in New Jersey were amazed one morning lately, when the principal suddenly ordered all the classes to assemble in the auditorium. Their amazement increased when he began to address them on "George Washington, the Father of Our Country."

When the principal finished his remarks, he paused impressively for a moment, and then went on in his severest tone:

"The bust of George Washington which stood upon the pedestal in the reception room has been removed and placed upon the floor, with its face in the corner. Until the culprit, whoever he or she may be, comes to the front and makes a public confession of the misdeed, not a soul will be permitted to leave this building. Remember—there will be no other punishment imposed than the open and public confession."

There was a great sensation. Teachers exchanged glances, pupils fidgeted round, awed and frightened. The principal, holding himself very erect, faced them solemnly:

"I am waiting," said he.

Then the janitor stepped forward and relieved the situation.

"It's up to me, sir," he said. "The roof was leakin' mighty bad, an' th' boost of Mr. Washin'ton were in the drip, an' I t'ought it proper to move it to keep th' rain from sp'ilin' it, an' I meant no insult by turnin' his face to the wall, sir."

"The school is dismissed," said the principal.
—New York Press.

Not His Property Sandwich.

AN urchin who occasionally ventured behind the scenes of a theatre on the lower East Side of New York during rehearsals, was one day observed by one of the actors sitting in a corner, lovingly eying a huge sandwich which he held in his grimy hands. He regarded it for a few moments, and then, cautiously lifting the top layer, extracted a piece of pickle and ate it; then he closed it down again very carefully and accurately made all as before. A few moments later he repeated the performance, taking out another piece of pickle and a small fragment of meat, and again carefully restoring the sandwich to its original form. After another short interval he took out more pickle and more meat, so that now there was very little of the original middle layer left, and again he closed it up carefully.

"What are you doing that for, Tommy?" the actor asked. "That's no way to eat a sandwich. Why don't you eat it all if you want it, and not pick at it like that?"

Tommy lifted a scornful eye to the actor's uncomprehending face and muttered laconically:

"Tain't mine."—Harper's Weekly.



3rd And then the lover with his ballad.

For Shakespeare's Seven Ages

makes a delightful food-drink, nourishing and refreshing the tired body and wearied brain. More nutritious and satisfying than other fountain drinks. A light luncheon for everyone, old or young. More invigorating than tea, coffee or cocoa for the table.

Pure, rich milk and the extract of choice malted grains in powder form. Prepared by simply stirring in water. A nourishing, easily assimilated food in impaired digestion, satisfying without giving any distressed feeling. A glassful hot upon retiring brings refreshing sleep.

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OLD CROW RYE A STRAIGHT WHISKEY

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Experience.

GEORGE FAWCETT, now appearing in "The Squaw Man," at Wallack's Theatre, had until recently a colored maid in his household who rejoiced in the name of Hally. One evening last week Hally begged an evening off for the purpose of attending a ball. The next morning Mr. Fawcett observed Hally standing behind a wonderfully disfigured countenance, and was about to comment facetiously upon the case when the girl said:

"Mr. Fawcett, Ah guess Ah'll have to ask yo' foh a vacation. Ah'm all in."

"Why, what's the matter, Hally?" asked Mr. Fawcett.

"Ah guess Ah'm sufferin' from nervous production, sah," replied Hally. "Mah face done huht meh."

"You certainly have a charming map there," said Mr. Fawcett. "Where did you get it?"

"Ah jes went to a ball las' night, sah," replied Hally solemnly. "The fracas occurred theah, Mr. Fawcett."

"Who did it?" asked Fawcett.

Hally looked at him in hurt astonishment, and finally said:

"Mr. Fawcett, did yo' eveh go into a saw-mill?"

"Why, certainly," said Fawcett.

"Eveh see that great big roun' saw that go whizzin' aroun' an' slashin' up lawgs?" pursued Hally.

"Frequently," said Fawcett, wondering whither the conversation was trending.

"Well, Mr. Fawcett, yo' jest back up agin that 'ar saw 'an' then yo' tell me which tooth dun cut you," answered Hally with finality. —*New York Globe.*

A Bloodless Tragedy.

THE practice of dueling is on the decline in France, the country which has been peculiarly its home. It grows more ridiculous year by year, and those who engage in it become more and more a laughing-stock. Not long ago a Paris journalist, who had by some criticism offended a politician, received from him the following letter:

"Sir: One does not send a challenge to a bandit of your species; one simply administers a cuff on the ears. Therefore, I hereby cuff both your ears. Be grateful to me for not having recourse to weapons.

"Yours truly, _____."

The journalist answered:

"MY DEAR SIR AND ADVERSARY: I thank you, according to your wish, for having sent me cuffs by post, instead of slaughtering me with weapons. Cuffed by post, I respond by despatching you by post six bullets in the head. I kill you by letter. Please consider yourself dead from the first line of this epistle.

"With a respectful salutation to your corpse, I am,

"Very truly yours, _____."

—*The Popular Magazine.*

THERE is no danger of dyspepsia for those who drink YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE.—*Adv.*

You Will Enjoy The Social Life At the Chamberlin— America's Most Magnificent Resort Hotel



navy officers mingling with the beautiful costumes of the women lend a dash of color to give the scene unique brilliancy.

* * *

By day, golf links and tennis courts claim the attention of the social set.

But, very likely you will be tempted to linger about the hotel by day.

Simply because there is in the atmosphere of the Hotel Chamberlin, a genial glow of

comforting, restful, coziness.

With all its magnificence—all its splendors, this homelike feeling dominates this great hotel and distinguishes it from others in its class.

You will find that the great, soft leather arm chairs in the spacious Rotunda will claim the right to comfort you.

You may sun yourself in the Sun Parlor or chat with successful Americans and dignified army and navy officers in the Palm Room or one of the Drawing Rooms.

But wherever you go throughout the Chamberlin you will feel at home.

It's in the air here—it's the spirit of genuine Southern Hospitality so characteristic of the Old Dominion. This feeling of welcome and good will to strangers.

It's a survival of the old school—the old regime, and you must find it in order to appreciate it.

SITUATED at
Old Point Comfort, Virginia, the Hotel Chamberlin is appropriately the most popular resort in this country for society folk. Social life centers in the Chamberlin, brightened by the intercourse of the military and naval services.

For the hotel is located on the government reservation of Fortress Monroe, the largest military post in the country and overlooks Hampton Roads, rendezvous of the American Navy and a popular harbor for visiting warships from foreign lands.

Thus the Chamberlin is the constant scene of the exchange of courtesies between both arms of the American service and between American and foreign military and naval officers.

In the evenings you will enjoy dancing in the Grand Ball Room pictured above.

At all of these functions the girl-guests receive an abundance of attention.

For, as you will always find plenty of men at Old Point, cards and time are filled to overflowing.

And here the gay uniforms of army and

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I would like to send you, with my compliments, a booklet descriptive of the Hotel Chamberlin and Old Point Comfort, and a copy of "The Colonel's Capitulation," a novelette of social and military life, illustrated in colors by one of our leading American artists. I will gladly give you any desired information regarding rates, reservation of rooms, etc.

If you write me that you are coming, I shall be ready to welcome you, and every arrangement will be made for your comfort. Your room will be ready and your baggage will be properly cared for as soon as it reaches Old Point Comfort.

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An Idea in Pockets.

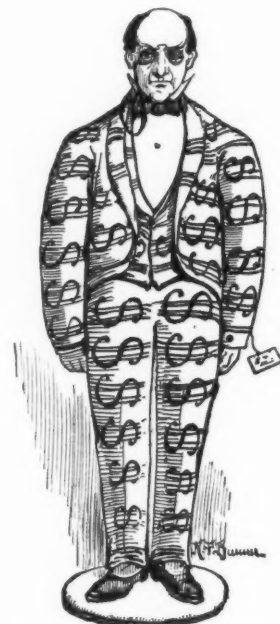
ONE Detroit man has evolved an idea in pockets, unique and useful.

He has four inside pockets and eight outside pockets placed in each waistcoat, two inside and eight outside pockets in each pair of trousers, one pocket in each sock, 14 in each coat, including outside, inside and shoulder pockets, one on each shirtsleeve and two in each shirt bosom—a total of 42 pockets.

Each pocket is labeled, with lettering in silk thread, thus:

"Tobacco," "Pipes," "Bills," "Accounts," "Personal," "Poems," "Odds and Ends," "Miscellaneous," "Handkerchiefs," etc.

Each pocket is numbered. The number, location and use of the pocket is recorded in a little book hung on his watch chain. When he wants to refer to anything, he looks it up in this directory and is able to secure it within an hour.—*Detroit News.*



COMBINATION SOCIETY AND SING SING SUIT FOR AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES.

WHEN Dr. John Dewey, now head of the Department of Psychology at Columbia, was professor at Chicago, he had a good deal to say about the training of children. He particularly urged that they should call their parents by their first names. About this time he went home one day to find water trickling through the ceiling of his study, and, on investigation, found his son converting the bathroom into a natatorium. Mildly expressing his surprise, he was greeted with: "Don't stand there shooting off your mouth, John; get a mop and get busy before the old woman comes home."—*The Argonaut.*

LONG, white envelopes cover a multitude of sins.—*The Editor.*

The Original Grafter.

["And Croesus lifted up his voice and cried 'Solon! Solon!' And King Cyrus ordered that the fire be extinguished and the captive released."—*Herodotus*.]

THERE'S a basis for a thesis in the history of Croesus—

Mr. Croesus, Greece's captain of finance; It contains an exegesis on the clippings of the fleeces Of the lambs, when Wall Street's breezes are not tempered, and the geese's

Ravished feathers pay the piper for the dance.

"In the days of old Rameses, this here story had paresis"—

So says Kipling, and what he says goes with me. But old or new, it pleases me at times to save the pieces Of the stories of the glories and the grandeurs that were Greece's,

When they prophesy a modern case, you see.

The capture of old Croesus was a stunt of the police's That for up to dateness seizes me with joy.

He was roasted like a cheese is, out there on the Chersonesus,

Till he hollered for his lawyer—"Solon!" Ay, that's where the squeeze is—

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What the grafters count on nowadays, my boy!

—*Cleveland Leader*.

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BUT the Amalgamated Book Insurance Co. does not end its usefulness there. I shall issue a Guarantee Policy to protect the policy holder against dull, poor, and trashy books. Every morning a credit sheet will be sent to all holders of this policy, and on it will be listed all the books issued the day previous, including the magazines. Opposite each book will be its rating, as "B," "BB," "Z," "B12," and so on, and each policy holder will have a sheet giving a key to the ratings.

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If you read in the daily papers that "Green Fire, the new novel from the pen of Silas O. Gummy, is beyond all question the best book of the year, if not, indeed, of the past ten centuries," you can turn to the credit sheet.

"Green Fire, a novel, by Silas O. Gummy, PG47X," it says. You look at the key, and find that "PG47X" means "Dull, trashy, weakly sentimental, not worth reading," and you are saved \$1.50 and valuable time.

For magazines the quotations will designate whether the matter contained runs to "Exposures," "Ladies' Fashions," "Guff," or "Good Reading."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

"NOW," said the fond father to his little daughter, "I must go to town and earn some money to buy bread and butter for little Annie."

"And to buy yachts for dada," responded the child, who seemed to have grasped the humility of the situation.—*Sporting Times*.

MANY a man who knows his place has his eye on a better one.—*Chicago Daily News*.

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Velvety Skin

A velvety skin-texture is a product of nature that has never been counterfeited in the "enamel," powder or made-up artificial complexions.

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Therein lies the superiority of

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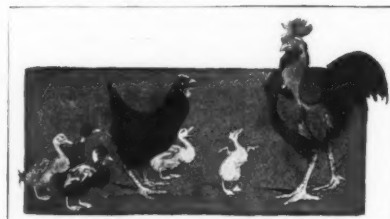


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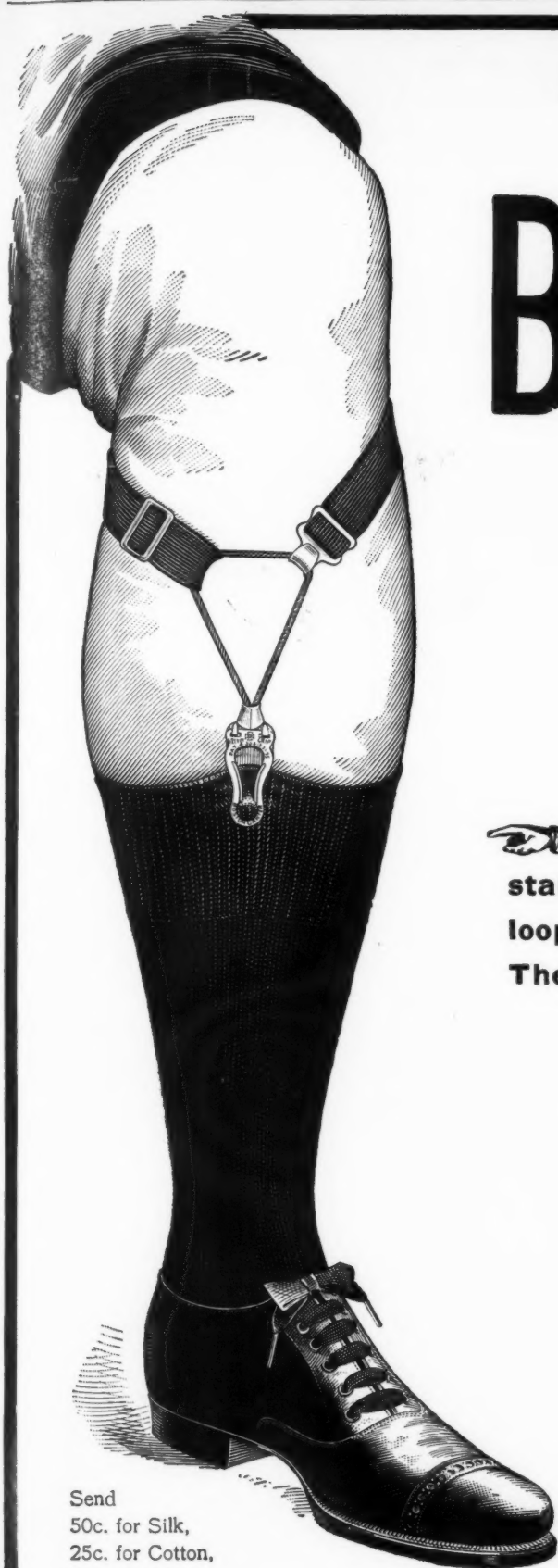


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Williams' Shaving Stick

The illustration features a well-dressed man in a top hat, tuxedo, and striped trousers, leaning on a cane. To his right is a 5x6 grid of 30 small images, each depicting a different shaving product. The products include various styles of shaving sticks (some in tins, some in boxes), shaving cakes, bottles of shaving cream or soap, and shaving brushes. The man is looking towards the grid, and the cane is held in his right hand.

THE phrase "well-groomed" means, in the final analysis, not only the clean shaven face, but also the comfortable, refreshed face that always follows the use of the cream-like, soothing lather characteristic only of Williams' Shaving Soaps.

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